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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

UNTIL the meeting of Parliament it will be difficult to get up any vivid political feeling in the country. We are all in the re-action after the election just now, wondering a little what we have been making such a fuss about, and uncertain of the future. Members feel themselves safe, and constituencies feel themselves helpless—an inevitable condition under the circumstances, and one very unfavourable to keen politicians. Let us, then, quietly overhaul some of the prominent points of interest, for the amusement of such as like to make the best of a dull time.

The elections have strengthened Palmerston's powers to act in certain directions, but we do not think they have strengthened his mere power—pure and simple. Indeed, a total disinclination to pledge themselves to personal leaders was visible among candidates far and wide. So far, then, the elections have done little for party in its old sense. Party means a combined action, in which individual peculiarities are snuk. Now, there is no sign that the new Parliament will make any such combinations more possible than the last one. The devotion to Palmerston's name was in some cases only a bit of clap-trap assumed for the sake of popularity, while in many cases it was only professed conditionally. Hence our belief that the Premier will be strong if he acts in popular directions, and that if he does not do this, he will become as helpless as other professed traders are at this time. His chance is to become an instrument in carrying out popular reforms. And this is a respectable function. A weathercock which only shows how the wind is blowing, is an ignoble kind of affair—a windmill which avails itself of the breeze to grind corn is of great public utility. Party, they say, is decadent; well, why not take the nation for a party, and lead it?

We have begun with Palmerston, because, after all, he is the most constant personal topic of the day. Subject to the limitations expressed above, he has triumphed in the elections. When things are in a fluid, uncertain state, there is a general instinctive desire to hold by anything that looks strong—and this apart from any particular reverence for the said thing in itself. One great feature of the day (especially among the new generation) is indefiniteness of conviction—vagueness of view. Accordingly, as the vaguest people must have something to hold by which the mass can understand, Palmerston's name served that purpose for many. Palmerston and Liberalism were found compatible—Palmerston and Conservatism also. Consequently, before the world knows what to determine on, it waits to see what its favourite will do. The Premier and the people are waiting for each other just now, in fact; he wants to see what they are really driving at—they want to know what he is willing to undertake.

In these circumstances, it behoves us to inquire what the real tendency of public wishes is at present, as far as these can be gathered from public signs. We are of opinion that a tolerable answer to this inquiry is now possible.

In the first place, we think public opinion is more pacific than it

was, and the "non-intervention" doctrine is better liked than it used to be. We do not hear so much now of the necessity of checking despots whom we cannot check, or of elevating people whom we cannot elevate. The scoundrel Bomba is not so often before us, and—honouring Piedmont as we are bound to do—less is said of her Austrian squabbles than might have been expected. We adhere to the French alliance, with less flattery of Napoleon than was the fashion last year; and the fusion of the Bourbons (or their confusion) attracts our attention whatever. We venture to call these healthy signs, and our readers well know that we have often given them the "reason why."

With non-intervention hopefully progressing, we may expect

the necessity of such things as reforming our ecclesiastical courts, improving our criminal arrangements, enabling our banks to wind-up promptly, restricting the sale of poisons, checking the adulteration of food, and so forth—while the suffrage cannot be touched without convulsing the kingdom.

We have indicated our preference in the matter of the order in which reforms should take place; but, at the same time, we foresee that it may be necessary to reverse that order. From the peculiarly disorganised state of parties, it is not unlikely that real work may be found impossible till the suffrage be duly and harmoniously adjusted—in plain English, till there is another Reform Bill. It is not unlikely that certain leading Whigs may decline co-operating in work the

most necessary, while such excellent material for popularity as the chance of a new Reform Bill hangs in the wind. In that case, the duty of the people is clear. The present Parliament proves itself unfit for business, and an experiment for improving the machine must once more be made. Only, we beg to warn the Whigs very distinctly how business will be done *this time*. The business will be done by the country, and not by their party. They will not be allowed to "cabbage" party gain out of the job of repairing the garment of the Constitution. Their boroughs will be swept off wholesale, and the power of the towns strengthened. The suffrage will be extended in counties, and to voters not so exposed to the "screw" as those who vote under the Chandos clause. It will no longer be possible either for a few Whig noblemen to affect to lead the whole movement, as was the case in 1830-32, even when all sagacious people knew that they never led till they saw that they must either lead or be trodden into the mud by the roaring mass behind. In short, a really extensive new Reform Bill will be thoroughly democratic in character, and will leave us with a constitution demanding far better men to handle and administer it than any we have seen for some thirty years at least.

The great thing to be feared in this matter is not change—for change is now irresistible, and a brave man will meet it accordingly—but the thing to be feared is, that a new Reform Bill may be made a political job of, and the excitement which it will naturally produce will be traded on by politicians, whether *pro* or *con* it; hence, partly, we wish that certain needful social measures be provided for before it is undertaken. But if it prove impossible (as above hinted) to arrange

matters thus, why, in goodness' name, let us have the matter set about honestly at once. What Lord Palmerston's secret wishes on the subject are we do not pretend to know. We believe one thing—that he will not allow himself to be supplanted in his leading position by any of the old experienced intriguers, who want to redeem humiliating failure in war by a good rattling agitation in peace. Let Lord Palmerston show that he too has an eye for the drift of the times; and propose measures of such solid usefulness and direct improvement as shall at once commend themselves to the approval of the public. If he follow this course, he is safe in his position; if he do not, others will take the initiative, and push him from his seat.



SPRING TIME: AN APRIL SHOWER.—(FROM A WATER COLOUR PAINTING BY H. WARREN.)

leisure for internal progress. We may expect some reforms, in fact, which divide themselves into two classes—practical mechanical reforms, as in mercantile subjects, like joint-stock banks, army improvement, law reform, &c.; and constitutional reforms, as in the state of the suffrage. There ought to be taken in the order in which we have named them, and chiefly for this reason—that the last class of reforms is much the most difficult, and by the excitement which they will produce will retard measures of immediate necessity. Just as a man does not undertake the great steps of life till his mere business arrangements are put in order, so we would have the reforms we have indicated made first. There is a pretty general agreement now about

APRIL SHOWERS.

BY AN UNSOPHISTICATED POET.

PRETTY little poets
Say that Nature cries
When the rain comes pit-a-pat—
A-patter from the skies;
Love-horn'd little maidens,
Weeping all the while,
Say a thousand briny tears
Atone for every smile.

Youth with wandering glances!—
Maiden with the eggs!—
Take yourselves off several ways,
And thank the stars you've legs!
That is, if you entertain
Such fancies indiscreetly;
Otherwise, you may remain,
While I discourse you sweetly.

The Earth's a lovely lady—
Her lover is the Sun;
And all the drops that ever fell
(However disagreeable)
Since when their love begun,
Were only just so many flowers,
So many charms and graces,
That sprung to lushhood and bloom,
In summer-tide embraces!

So 'twill be with you,
If you wed together;
Love will pale, and faith will fail,
And there'll be much bad weather.
Then upon that hand,
Extended to the rain,
Bitter tears will drop, and drop,
And cease, and fall again.

Well, your course is clear—
Follow Nature's plan!
Embrace him like a woman, child,
Who'll kiss you like a man.
What! the thing is done—
Aid the weeping's over—
Love comes laughing, and you roll
In matrimonial clover.

But see the blessed bow
That still returns again,
T' affirm the pledge 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
In spite of all the rain!
The tattle of the whole,
My children, there appears;—
A faith eternal, tender, true,
That coyly keeps itself from view,
Save in the time of tears!

And when that you are wed,
There'll be 'twixt you and you,
Another bow of promise—
To be patient, tender, true!
Remember and respect it,
Whatever else you do.

G.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Republicans seem determined to ascertain their strength at the approaching elections by putting up M. Carnot as a candidate for the Legislative Chamber. They intend proposing him in Paris and in the departments. Some of the candidates are disposed to take the oath of allegiance to the Imperial government, others refuse. The committee of that party will probably be allowed to act in Paris, but the Prefects will not permit them to act in the departments.

The French Government is still exchanging notes with that of England on the Neuchâtel affairs.

The "Moniteur" publishes an Imperial decree, promulgating the convention which was concluded on the 14th of January between Count de Persigny on behalf of the French government, and the Earl of Clarendon with Mr. Labouchere on the part of the government of Great Britain, for the regulation of the Newfoundland fisheries.

It is now definitely stated that the Grand Duke Constantine will arrive at Toulon on the 23rd inst., from Toulon he will proceed to Brest and other ports, arriving in Paris about the 1st of May. The Grand Duke will remain a week in Paris, and a fortnight at Fontainebleau, from whence it is said he will proceed to London. The Emperor was anxious to pay him honour by sending his cousin, Prince Napoleon, to meet him. The Prince was spoken to on the subject, but it appears gave a formal refusal.

Some government functionaries who attended the funeral of Madame de Larochefoucauld were dismissed or rebuked, as it is thought the act savoured of a too great partiality for the Bourbons. The deceased lady's son, who, so far from being a Bourbonite, is a member of the present Imperial Senate, was so indignant at this that he resigned his senatorial position. But the discharged functionaries were restored, and the Marquis retains his position.

SPAIN.

A MANIFESTO of Marshal Espartero, addressed to the electors of Barcelona, has been handed about in Madrid. In it Espartero defends his conduct in 1856, by saying, that he could not remain at the head of the Government because the Queen would not let him dismiss O'Donnell, though that person had compromised his Cabinet; and that when the insurrection against O'Donnell broke out, he could not place himself at the head of the insurgents, because, if he had done so, their triumph would have caused the destruction of the throne, or their defeat the definite ruin of liberty.

The Mexican Government, in a note addressed to the Spanish Cabinet, shows a disposition to give satisfaction to Spain, and states that, in addition to four men shot for the assassination of Spanish subjects (the chief ground of complaint), a functionary of the Republic named Abascal, who had been convicted of complicity therein, had also been put to death.

The "Madrid Gazette" of the 9th contains a royal decree, granting an "ample and general amnesty to all those who, in any manner whatsoever, have taken part in the Carlist insurrections and conspiracies of the last two years."

AUSTRIA.

GREAT preparations are being made by the Hungarians for the reception of the Emperor of Austria, and the municipality of Pesth intends to erect a temporary pavilion for the reception of their Majesties, which will cost about £5,000. Prince Paul Esterhazy has ordered four splendid uniforms for his body-guard, and rumour says that he has resolved to astonish their Majesties by the magnificence of an entertainment which he will give them at one of his numerous castles.

PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND

THERE is no symptom of the re-opening of the Neuchâtel Conference, to which we have referred in a biographical sketch of Dr. Kera on another page. The latest news from Berne confirm the statement that the Federal Government will go no further in the way of concession, and indicates, as the general principle upon which the Council proceeds, "resistance upon every point incompatible with the sovereignty of Switzerland, or with the Federal Constitution; and as to all other points, every concession compatible with the dignity of Switzerland."

The "Neuchâtel Republican Journal" demands that the Federal Assembly shall be consulted before any definite resolution is taken by the Paris Conference.

RUSSIA.

PRIVATE accounts from Odessa of the 22nd ult. state that Count Stroganoff, Governor-General of New Russia and Bessarabia, had received an official notification to the effect that the Emperor would visit the southern provinces of the empire immediately after the return of Prince Constantine from abroad.

ITALY.

THERE are hopes of the differences between the Austrian and Sardinian Governments being arranged through the friendly intervention of the other Powers. No doubt, England and France are anxious to see friendly relations restored, and would do their best towards that object; yet the causes of jealousy and discontent are too deep to be easily removed. Between Austria and Piedmont appearances may be kept up, but a good feeling cannot for a long time be sincere on either side.

From Palermo we learn that Spizzuzza, an insurgent engaged in a recent outbreak, was shot before his own door, on the 31st ult. His family had been sent out of the way. He died shouting "Liberty for ever!"

Cardinal Antonelli is said to have persuaded M. de Rayneval that it would not be convenient to allow his Holiness the Pope to visit Paris for the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, on entering on his office of Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, issued a circular to the administrative authorities on the nature of their duties, and on the spirit in which they must henceforth act. Among other things, he recommends that the people shall be allowed to develop freely their material and moral resources; that they shall be treated with due consideration and humanity; and that functionaries shall not by exaggerated zeal compromise the safety of the throne and the welfare of the populations.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

BEFORE the British fleet quitted the Bosphorus, the Sultan paid a visit to Admiral Lord Lyons on board the *Royal Albert*. The Turkish Ministers and Lord Stratford were present with the Admiral and the Captain of the fleet to receive the Sultan. Having retired to the Admiral's cabin, he desired the Admiral, the Ambassador, and the Pachas to sit—an unusual mark of honour. To Lord Lyons he was very gracious, saying:—"I loved you when I first saw you, and that affection and regard have since been increased by the nobleness of your conduct; and I feel that it is no small thing to come on board such a ship to see such a man; and I trust that, if again England become the defender of Turkey, your Sovereign may choose you, if your services can be spared, to again command the fleet." The Sultan remained on board nearly an hour. Next day the fleet steamed out of the Bosphorus for Malta.

Five hundred houses have been destroyed by a great fire at Salonica.

The "Turkish Gazette" announces the formation of a permanent diplomatic mission at St. Petersburg. This has not previously existed.

According to accounts from Constantinople of the 6th instant, the first experiment in European colonisation has just been made. A party of 130 Poles has embarked for the purpose of settling on the domains of Reschid Pacha in Phessaly.

A civil war is thought likely to break out shortly in Montenegro, the Russians having, for certain state reasons, conceived a strong feeling against Prince Danilo, and some new laws and taxes having given offence to the people.

AMERICA.

ACCORDING to the "New York Herald," the present position of affairs in China is under consideration of the United States Cabinet. The British Minister at Washington had been in communication with the United States Government, with the design of effecting a tripartite alliance of England, France, and the United States—for the protection of mutual interests, the promotion of commerce, and civilisation in China.

The Hon. R. J. Walker has accepted the Governorship of Kansas.

The difficulty between the United States and New Granada has reached such a point as to render the speedy despatch of a large force to the Isthmus highly probable.

The Washington correspondent of the "New York Tribune" says that Lord Napier has made a claim of four or five millions of dollars against the American Government for alleged destruction of private property of British subjects at the bombardment of Greytown. Two weeks before the late administration went out, M. Sarliges preferred a similar demand on behalf of the French subjects, requesting Mr. Marcy to leave them open for adjustment by his successor; but he prepared a reply which is regarded—by the correspondent of the "New York Tribune"—as conclusive against the liability.

Walker has made two attempts to take San Jorge, but failed. His men, it is said, have been ill-treated by their officers, and have refused to advance. It was said that he had lost 400 men since the 1st of February. The allied officers were much divided in council, and had also lost many men.

The Board of Health at Washington have ordered the National Hotel, in that city, to be closed as uninhabitable. It seems that from bad drain age a most mephitic atmosphere was created in the large building, poisoning the inmates, both by their inhaling the bad air and by the provisions becoming infected. The matter was so serious that it was once rumoured that a conspiracy existed among the black servants to poison the President and his staff, who were staying there.

BRITISH AMERICA:

A TREATY negotiated between the Governments of France and England, subject to the confirmation of the Legislature of Newfoundland, has created intense dissatisfaction at St. John's; and this feeling has spread throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada to such an extent that the opposition has assumed the form of a federal protest, and of resistance à l'outrance. Some three years ago, Captain Belver, in command of a French frigate, visited the French settlements in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a view to promote the extension of the French fisheries; hence the new treaty. The British Government, however, wisely leave the points at issue to the parties most interested, the colonists themselves. It rests with the colonial legislature to reject or ratify the treaty.

THE MERRAIN.—It is from the ports of the Elbe, the Eider, and Weser (says the "Press") that the exportation of cattle is greatest; and yet the step considered in the wisdom of Government most efficacious as a preventative measure, is to prohibit the importation from ports in the Baltic, whence cattle seldom come, and to permit importations from ports in the German Ocean, whence cattle always come. We trust the authorities will amend their decision, and at once include the German Ocean ports in their prohibitive order.

HOW TO MAKE AN ANGEL.—The "Avenir," of Nice, relates an extraordinary instance of superstition, which, however, in the face of witchcraft in England, will not so much surprise as shock the reader. A servant in a family, consisting of a young man, his wife, and an infant, was found squeezing the head of the infant to jelly, by way, he said, of making an angel of it. Either, he said, the child will die and go to Paradise, or it will survive and be innocent ever after!

MEDICAL FEE.—It seems to have been thought something unprecedented that Dubois should have received some £1,700 for his attendance on the Empress of the French during her confinement, as mentioned some time ago. Yet more remarkable instances of large fees are recorded. Dinsdale, for his inoculation of the Empress of Russia and her son, was made a Baron of the Empire, with a present of £12,000, and a pension of £500 per annum. Dr. Willis, for his successful attendance on George III., was rewarded by £1,500 per annum for twenty years, and £650 per annum to his son for life. The other physicians had thirty guineas each visit to Windsor, and ten guineas each visit to Kew. In 1736, the physicians who attended Queen Caroline had 500 guineas, and the surgeon 300 guineas each.

THE RESULTS (according to the "Indépendance Belge"), in order to raise funds for building a church in the Rue des Sèvres propose a lottery, the prize to be Father Lefebvre. He suggested that he should put himself up to raffled for by ladies only, at 100 francs per ticket. The winner is to obtain exclusive command over her prize during four days. The "Indépendance" declares that the proposition has succeeded.

THE CITY OF PARIS, wiser than her sister, London, has determined to make a gigantic main sewer, in order to carry the sewerage of Paris into the Seine at a point far below the remotest part of the river from which water is taken for the supply of Paris. The cost of the works is estimated at 2,500,000fr.

INDIA.

DISAFFECTION AMONG THE SEPOYS.

SOME time ago the native troops at Barrackpore exhibited considerable excitement in consequence of an idea which had arisen that their cartridges were greased with beef suet instead of mutton fat, it being pollution for a Hindoo to touch the former. After a time they were convinced that they had been deceived, and quietly returned to their former habits of obedience and discipline. A bad feeling has since arisen, however, among the men of the 19th Native Infantry, at Berhampore, who were, by the last accounts, in a state nearly approaching mutiny. Fortunately, the corps of Irregular Cavalry at the same station continues loyal, and is prepared to support their officers in any measures the Commander may see fit to adopt for the purpose of coercing the mutineers into obedience. A great portion of the sepoy of the Bengal army are natives of Oude, where their families still reside; and an absurd rumour prevails that these troubles are fomented by favourers of the late dynasty.

In another and more recent case in Madras, the men of the 1st Native Infantry were ordered to march, leaving their wives and families behind in charge of a few men selected from each company. The order was a mistake. Sepoys are in general suspicious husbands, and a separation under such circumstances led to a certain degree of disaffection.

DISTURBANCES AT LUCKNOW.

A fanatic Fakir, with a gang of armed men, recently established himself in a serai in Fyzabad (Lucknow), and, addressing the mob, informed them that his mission was the destruction of the Feringhees. They were told by one of the public officers that carrying arms in the city by bodies of men was prohibited, and their swords were demanded. They not only refused, but, when he advanced, drew their swords upon him, so that he was obliged to retire. The military police were brought up, guards were posted, and a company of sepoy came from the cantonments and surrounded them. On the following morning, the Deputy-Commissioner tried in vain to persuade them to give up their swords. They remained seated in a verandah with their weapons in their hands; and the leader of the party would listen to no persuasion. After some parleying, they made a furious attack on the sepoy, some of them with a sword in each hand. The officer in command of the guard and three sepoy were wounded, the officer severely; three of the fanatics were killed, five much wounded, and four taken unhurt. The leader was slightly wounded, and taken to the regimental hospital. He is supposed to be mad.

CIRCULATING CAKES.

A strange, and to some observers a very disagreeable incident, has occurred in the north-west of Calcutta. A chowkeydar, or village policeman, of Cawnpore, ran up to another in Futteghur, and gave him two chupatties. These are indigestible little unleavened cakes, the common food of the poorer classes. He ordered him to make ten more, and give two to each of the five nearest chowkeydars with the same order. He was obeyed, and in a few hours the whole country was in commotion with chowkeydars running about with these cakes. The wave swept province after province with a speed at which official orders never fly. The magistrates were powerless, and nobody had the least idea what it all meant. Some fancied it a ceremony intended to avert the cholera; others hinted at treason—a view encouraged by the native officials; others talked of it as a trifle—a joke. Its significance is this:—There are some 90,000 policemen in these provinces. If they should perchance imbibe dangerous ideas, how perfect is their organisation!

THE PERSIAN WAR.

FRENCH journals state, on the authority of private correspondence from the Persian Gulf, that the peace concluded between Persia and England was announced on the 9th of March to the General commanding the British expedition at Bushire. The treaty had arrived at Teheran. The ratification would not take place for five or six weeks. Our own despatches speak only of war. General Outram was about to send an expedition to capture Mohamad on the Karoom. The embarkation of troops had commenced, and the attack was expected to take place about the 15th or 20th March. The Persian army was again collecting at Burazjoon.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT KHOOSHAB.

The following is a description, by an officer who witnessed the affair of the charge of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry at Khooshab:—"When Forbes, who commanded, gave the order to charge, he and his adjutant, young Moore, placed themselves in front of the 6th troop, which was the one directly opposite the nearest face of the square. The other Moore, Malcolmson, and Spens came the least thing behind, riding knee to knee, with spurs in their horses' flanks, as if racing after a hog. In rear of them rushed the dark troopers of the third, mad to avenge the death of poor Malet at Bushire. In spite of steel, fire, and bullets, they tore down upon the nearest face of the devoted square. As they approached, Forbes was shot through the thigh and Spens' horse was wounded, but, unheeding, they swept onward. Daunted by the flashes, and the fire and the noise, and crackle of the musketry, the younger Moore's horse swerved as they came up. Dropping his sword from his hand, and letting it hang by the knot at his wrist, he caught up the reins in both hands, screwed his head straight, and then coolly, as if riding at a fence, leaped him at the square. If, therefore, any man can be said to have been first, the younger Moore is the man. Of course, the horse fell stone dead upon the bayonets; so did his brother's, ridden with equal courage and determination. The elder Moore—eighteen stone in weight, and six feet seven, or thereabouts, in height—cut his way out on foot. Malcolmson took one foot out of his stirrup, when he saw his brother officer down and unarmed (for his sword had been broken to pieces by the fall), and, holding on to that, the younger Moore escaped. The barrier once broken, and the entrance once made, in and through it poured the avenging troopers. On and over everything they rode, till, getting clear out, they re-formed on the other side, wheeled and swept back—a second wave of ruin. Out of 500 Persian soldiers of the 1st Regular Regiment of Fars, who composed that fatal square, only twenty escaped to tell the tale of its destruction. Thus, the 3rd Light Cavalry, to use their own phrase, gave our enemies 'a jeeab' (answer) for the death of Malet Sahib Bahadur."

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

THE POISONING AT HONG KONG.

FULL details of the great poisoning trial at Hong Kong have come to hand. It occupied the Supreme Court four days. Ten Chinese were arraigned before the Chief Justice. The Attorney-General prosecuted; five lawyers defended the prisoners; and six Englishmen formed the jury. A large number of witnesses were examined. It was clearly established that bread containing arsenic had been sold at the bakery of A-Lum. Several cases of direct sickness were proved. It was also proved that A-Lum was present when the dough was making. On the other hand, A-Lum deposed that he had himself eaten of the bread, and suffered sickness; that his departure for Macao, on the morning of the issue of poisoned bread, was caused by his desire to take his father, wife, and family home. A reward had been offered for his head, and he did not intend to go to Canton by himself. When he heard that something had happened to the bread, he offered the captain of the steamer first fifty then a hundred dollars to take him back to Hong Kong. They would not put back, and he was soon after arrested. As there was no direct evidence to prove who had put the arsenic in the bread issued from A-Lum's shop, he and all his men were acquitted.

THE GOOD SHIP TRANSIT.—H. M. S. Transit, which last week put back to Portsmouth in a sinking state, and with 500 men on board, has reshipped her stores and ammunition; and again taking the troops on board, has sailed for China. A long voyage, and a bad ship.

FIRE ON BOARD SHIP.—At an early hour on Sunday morning, as Captain Parker was proceeding in one of the Bristol Steam Navigation Company's tug-boats up the river Usk towards Newport, he discovered flames proceeding from one of the vessels lying in the harbour—the King of the Forest, Jones master. Captain Parker hailed the vessel, and, receiving no answer, caused the tug to run alongside the ship and jumped on board. He aroused the sleeping crew, and with the assistance of the crews of other vessels lying near, the fire was got under.

IRELAND.

ELECTION RIOTS.—At the close of the poll at Coleraine, on Friday (the 10th), houses were smashed, public-houses were attacked, the proprietors of which fired on the mob, wounding two dangerously and one slightly—one dead.—On the day of the Larnagh election, the mob, finding the popular candidate was not likely to be successful, attacked and ill-treated the voters, and smashed the vehicles in which they were being conveyed to the poll. The riot act was read, but the officer refrained from firing at the mob. The military being reinforced, order was restored.—Similar outrages were committed at Sligo. The mob entered the houses of some of the voters, destroyed furniture, pursued obnoxious parties, and smashed windows. The riot act was three times read, but in vain. A number of persons were injured, including police and soldiers.

SCOTLAND.

THE GLASGOW POISONING CASE.—Miss Madeleine Smith, the young lady who was apprehended on the suspicion of having administered poison to her sweetheart, a young French gentleman named L'Angelier, was formally committed on Friday week to stand her trial on the charge of murder. So far as motive is concerned, the grounds of the charge are understood to be that Miss Smith was anxious to cast L'Angelier off in consequence of having received and accepted an offer of marriage from a much wealthier gentleman. L'Angelier was resolved to maintain his claim to her hand; and it is said, had the means of injuring the young lady's reputation in the event of her marrying his rival.

ASSAULT AND SUICIDE.—In Edinburgh, last week, Andrew Adams, a cage-maker, committed a brutal assault upon Elizabeth Vardy, a woman about forty years of age, with whom he had been living. She got away from him, and took refuge, all cut and bleeding, in the house of a neighbour, whom she told that she had been nearly murdered, and that Adams had done it. The police were sent for, and, on going to the door, it was found locked. No answer was given to the summons to open, and the door was then broken open, when the wretched man was discovered lying on the floor, with a frightful gash in the throat, inflicted by a table-knife. Adams died in the course of the day. The woman is very seriously injured.

THE PROVINCES.

ACCIDENT AT A LAUNCH.—The iron screw steamer *Armenia* was launched from the yard of the Messrs. Richardson, Hartlepool, on Thursday week. The narrowness of the harbour at the point of launching necessitates the use of strong cable chains to bring up launching vessels, to prevent their running into the dock wall opposite. The *Armenia* was thus supplied; but, unfortunately, as soon as her weight was brought upon the chains, they snapped like tow, flying high into the air. One of them fell upon the deck of the steamer, on which a large number of persons was congregated; but they saw it falling, and managed to escape. The vessel, being released from all restraint, ran on, and struck with a tremendous crash the dock wall, cutting into it, and tearing away a number of the large fender posts. The metal screw, suspended from the stern, had two of the fenders cut off as clean as by a machine. The stern and rudder posts were much broken, and it is feared that the hull below water-mark has received extensive injuries, the full extent of which cannot be ascertained till the steamer is put into a graving dock. The *Armenia* is 1,000 tons burthen and 100-horse power, and was built for an Armenian company, for the Calcutta trade.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT LEEDS.—The premises of Messrs. R. and J. Harrison, mustard and chicory manufacturers, Jack Lane, Holbeck, Leeds, were discovered to be on fire on the morning of Thursday week, and before the arrival of the fire-engines the flames had extended so rapidly, that all efforts to save the main building were ineffectual, and the machinery and stock were entirely destroyed. The damage exceeds £5,000.

EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF CONTRABAND MALT.—The officers of the Inland Revenue, on Saturday, seized a large quantity of contraband malt at Worthing, on the premises of a maltster named Allen, who, although suspected of illegitimate practices for some time past, had heretofore succeeded in avoiding detection. The quantity of grain seized was not less than 3,000 quarters; the whole was removed to the stores of the Inland Revenue in the Tower of London. The value of these 3,000 quarters of malt, at the lowest market price, would be about £10,000. The penalties recoverable for this infraction of the Excise-laws amount to an enormous sum of money.

A PAUPER RIOT.—For some years past the dietary at Stapleton Workhouse (near Bristol) has been much more liberal than that in the neighbouring unions, and it was found that this had the effect of inducing paupers to establish a settlement in the union. The dietary tables were therefore reduced. The changes made gave great umbrage to the paupers, and on Sunday, while at service in the chapel, they interrupted the service by loud complaints, declaring that they were still hungry they would no longer remain at their devotions. The women were particularly clamorous, turned out en masse into the court-yard, and commenced breaking the windows of the workhouse. By timely measures, however, this riotous proceeding was checked, and twenty of the rioters placed under restraint. On Monday they were taken before a magistrate, and nine of them were committed to prison.

EXTENSIVE LANDSLIP.—Early on Friday morning, a slip of earth took place on the North-Eastern line, near Normanton. The subsidence for a number of yards is quite extraordinary, and will necessitate the use of many hundred tons of ballast before the permanent way is restored. Fortunately the down line was unimpaired by the slip, and on this single pair of rails the traffic of the line is now worked. The accident has no doubt been the immediate result of the late heavy rains, but the mineral excavations in the neighbourhood have led to the catastrophe.

THE ROOT OF WATER HEMLOCK.—John Snowdon, a farmer's son, and William Ridley, a labourer, went last week to clean a hedge and ditch belonging to the father of the former, at West Haldon, near Sunderland. About noon the same day they were found lying paralysed and speechless in the field close to the ditch where they had been employed. There was a mark of blood on Ridley's face, and a black mark was forming round Snowdon's eyes. They both expired shortly after. They had died from the effects of a vegetable poison. One of them at least had been in the habit of eating simple roots, and from the fact that a root of the water hemlock (which grew abundantly in the ditch) was subsequently found with teeth-marks in it near where the men had been found, and that a piece of the same root was found in Ridley's pocket, there is no doubt that they were poisoned by eating the root of this plant in mistake for some other.

POACHING AFFRAY.—Between two and three o'clock on the morning of Wednesday week, the gamekeepers and watchers of Sir William Milner had an encounter at Nun Appleton with a party of poachers, the whole of whom were captured. There were five watchers and four poachers—the latter all adepts, and well known. The poachers, who had with them nets and dogs, had bagged several hares when they were first discovered. They immediately got out upon the road. The keepers made up to them, and the poachers, who were unarmed, flew to some stone heaps, and assailed the keepers with a shower of these missiles. The keepers closed in, and after a smart skirmish the poachers were overpowered and taken, along with their game-nets, bags, &c.

EXAMINATION OF THE KIDDERMINSTER RIOTERS.—On Saturday, between twenty and thirty persons—some of them several gentlemen of influence in the borough and numerous tradesmen—were examined at Kidderminster, on the charge of inciting and assisting in the attack on Mr. Lowe. Evidence was adduced that Mr. Alfred Tulbot, a gentleman who took an active part in the interest of the defeated candidate, had indirectly, by speech and gestures, incited the mob to throw stones at Mr. Lowe. The others were charged also with inciting the mob to violence, or of taking an active part in the riot. The hearing was adjourned. A subscription has been entered into to defray the costs of the prosecution.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.—At the Leebrook Works, Wednesbury, on Saturday last, one of three boilers exploded, scattering the brickwork of the building over an area of 100 yards, and killing two persons, besides fearfully maiming others. The boiler separated into two pieces, one of which was hurled into a canal which runs near, and the other, after being projected a distance of eighty yards, made a breach through a stone wall. The names of the deceased are—Bridget Fox, widow, aged 34, and Julia Flinn, aged 26. The boiler is said to have been nearly new and in good repair, and rumours vary as to the cause of the explosion. A coroner's inquest, however, is about to be held on the bodies of the deceased, when no doubt the circumstances of the explosion will be fully investigated.

SUCKING ACCIDENT AT A MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE.—At the warehouse of Messrs. Pender and Co., Mount Street, Manchester, Baines's "self-adjusting apparatus," had been fitted to one of the hoists. The apparatus having been adjusted, Mr. Baines determined to give it a trial, in the presence of some scientific gentlemen. Mr. Peacock, the head warehouseman, and his brother, along with Mr. Baines, and two of his men, and Mr. James Shaw, Messrs. Pender and Co.'s engineer, entered the cage, and were drawn up to the top storey. It was then proposed that when the cage got to the top of the well, when the balance weight would, of course, be on the ground, the engineer should disconnect the rope (which would be the same as if it had accidentally broken), and thus test the value and efficiency of Mr. Baines's apparatus for checking the descent. So soon as Mr. Peacock and his brother heard that, they said they should not remain in the cage, and, suiting the action to the word, they stepped on to the ledge of the well. As they did so, Mr. Shaw, who had got on the top of the cage, suddenly disconnected the rope. The apparatus did not work, and the cage flew down to the very bottom of the building, a distance of about fifty feet. The great velocity of the cage left poor Shaw in mid air, in something of a flying position; he followed the cage at about the height of two yards above it, and was terribly crushed when he fell upon it at the bottom. Mr. Baines and his two men, inside the cage, fared almost as badly. The four sufferers were at once removed to the infirmary, where Shaw died soon after. Mr. Baines has a severely lacerated foot; one of his men sustained a compound fracture of the leg, and the other a broken jaw.

COLLIERY ACCIDENTS.

THE BARNESLEY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—The Coroner's inquiry into the circumstances attending the explosion at the Lund Hill colliery was resumed on Thursday week. The only new evidence was that of Mr. J. Coe, the viewer and underground manager of the colliery. This gentleman was in the pit on the day preceding the explosion, when, he said, he found the pit quite free from gas and in the best working order. He was utterly at a loss to account for the explosion. He had, however, formed a notion that it was possible after the lower roof had fallen, that the stronger roof above might have given way, and thus liberated large quantities of gas, which would explode on contact with the nearest naked light. He did not think the ventilation by trap-doors an efficient mode, and considered double doors safer than single ones. He also thought that all mines in the Barnsley district ought to be worked exclusively with safety lamps, and expressed his opinion that the mode of getting coal throughout the district was the most wretched and dangerous within his knowledge. At the conclusion of Mr. Coe's evidence, the inquest was adjourned to the 30th inst.—The operations at Lund Hill recently assumed a different aspect, in consequence of the escape of a large quantity of noxious gas which had buoyed up the water, and the consequent sudden fall of the latter to the extent of upwards of twelve feet. The only indication of the escape was a rushing noise, the gas forcing itself through the water with great rapidity. The men descended on Friday (the 10th), at two o'clock, to the water's edge, and found that they were only about two feet from the chair, which is embedded in a quantity of coal, wood, &c. at the bottom. A quantity of timber was brought out from the water's edge by the men who went down. In the water drawn out during the day, several pieces of clothing were brought up; and at length, at about twelve o'clock, the body of one of the unfortunate miners came to the surface. It was immediately drawn out; and being perfectly unrecognisable, was at once placed in a coffin. On Monday it was conveyed with as much secrecy as possible to Darfield churchyard, and buried; a large number of people collected, and the funeral was most impressive. Since this body was found the chair and other debris have been cleared from the bottom of the pit, and the operations are now rapidly proceeding.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT STOCKPORT.—On Saturday morning, an explosion took place in the Messrs. Jowett's colliery, near Stockport. The fire rushed along the various workings, and frightfully burnt those of the colliers who had not taken the precaution to throw themselves on their faces. The distance from the bottom of the shaft at which the explosion occurred was seventy-eight yards. A man named Platt, who was frightfully burnt and bruised, contrived to crawl to the shaft's mouth. A lad named Hopwood attempted to follow him, but missed his way, and fell a distance of thirty feet, thereby severely injuring his back. He, nevertheless, also contrived to grope his way to the mouth of the shaft. The occupants of No. 6 level, William Holworth, and his two sons, were not so fortunate. The father and his two boys were both killed, not, it is supposed, by the fire, but by the choking vapours which succeeded the explosion. Of the other men, five were severely wounded, most of them being both burnt and bruised. There is very little doubt that the lamentable accident was caused by the culpable negligence of one of the men in working with a naked candle.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT SWANSEA.—Three persons have been killed and several others severely injured by an explosion of firedamp, at the Gorse Colliery, Swansea. One of the men engaged in the pit proceeded to a part of the work where it was necessary that safety-lamps should be used. He carried a safety-lamp, but had taken the cap off, so that the light was exposed. Some of his fellow-workmen, it is said, requested him to replace the cap, but he paid no attention to their injunctions, and the consequence was that the air, which was of a highly inflammable nature, became ignited.

DROWNING IN A MINE.—Greenlawn's new colliery, near Duddo, about ten miles west of Berwick, had been worked too near an old one, which has been out of working order for a considerable time, and had consequently filled with water. The division between the two pits not being strong enough to resist the weight of water, gave way and burst into the other, where five men were working; all have perished. The unfortunate men had not been half an hour in the pit before the accident occurred.

THE ENGLISH ARMY AND THE FRENCH MILITARY MEDAL.

Five hundred of the French war medals were assigned by the Emperor for distribution among the worthiest claimants—non-commissioned officers and soldiers—of the British Army after its service in the Crimea, and a corresponding number of men have accordingly been selected for the receipt of this valuable decoration. Four-fifths of the medals were distributed before Sebastopol itself, on the very ground where they had been so gallantly won, the remainder being reserved for that portion of the force which had left the Crimea before the distribution was made. The list of those so decorated has just been published. Every name on this memorable roll represents distinguished personal merit. All arms of the service are represented, Cavalry and Infantry, Artillery and Engineers; and actions and efforts of the most extraordinary merit are chronicled in a few brief words, and the deserts of a service extending over two years of the severest trial are often compressed into a couple of unpretending lines.

In its list of heroes, where all are so heroic, the 63rd Regiment appears nobly conspicuous. At the battle of Inkermann, Colour-Sergeant John Brophy of that Regiment—now Lieutenant in the Lancashire Militia—took up the colours dropped by Ensign Clutterbuck, and, though seriously wounded, defended them and brought them safe from the mêlée. Sergeant Arthur Roberts, carrying one of the colours after the Ensign had been severely wounded, himself "received a wound which caused him to fall. He got up quickly, took up the colours, and, refusing to leave the field, continued to carry the colours until incapacitated by a second wound." Sergeant William Ahern, it being known that Ensign Clutterbuck was killed, and that his body was left on the field, "instantly volunteered to fetch it, and, being accompanied by a private, he went far in advance and brought in the body. On the same day, the only officer in his company being wounded, he took the command of the company, and held it during the charge, maintaining discipline and conduct." Private John McGowan "behaved in a particularly gallant and bold manner, charging, forwarding, and being the first to clear a breastwork in pursuit of the enemy." Private Daniel Sullivan, one of his comrades being made prisoner by five of the enemy, "rushed at them, killed three, and rescued his comrade." Both these soldiers, too, are especially described as evincing the utmost spirit and courage on all occasions; while Colour-Sergeant Morris, still of the same corps, finding himself in the battle far in advance with a number of men, "collected them, took the command, and, though attacked by superior numbers, maintained his post, repulsing the attacking party."

Nothing is more remarkable than the promptitude shown, even under the most dangerous conditions, in volunteering to bring in the wounded. Of the 17th Regiment, seven men, one of whom, Thomas Lawless, is now selected for the medal, "went out on the glacis of the Great Redan, under very heavy fire, and brought in the dead body of their captain, John Croker;" and Corporal Philip Smith distinguished himself on the same occasion by going out "several times under very heavy fire, and bringing in several wounded men on his back." In the 9th Regiment, Sergeant Ezekiel Firmin "exposed himself to great personal risk on the 18th of June, in order to succour Lieutenant-Colonel Lowth, 38th Regiment, when wounded;" and his bravery was emulated by Private D. McMahon, "who exposed himself, and rescued a wounded comrade in the trenches when the working party to which he belonged was driven back by the destructive fire of the enemy."

But no particular feat of daring could surpass the merits disclosed in some of the general testimonials to the character and bearing of the soldier. What, for example, could possibly be more honourable than the report made of Private Richard Hogan, of the 17th Regiment, who was "distinguished by his officers and many of his comrades for superior intelligence in the trenches? Always ready and forward for any duty there. Never missed a duty. Present with his regiment during the whole period of his service in the Crimea. Always cheering and encouraging his comrades. Wounded."

Why, all that is excellent in soldiership seems told in these short, pithy notes. So, too, with Sergeant-Majors J. Russell, S. Griffith, and William Stewart, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, the latter of whom "had two horses killed under him at Balaklava, but still continued to act, procuring a third horse, and remaining in action with his regiment. Was present at Inkermann, and never absent from his duty a single day throughout the war, during the whole of which trying time he never relaxed in his endeavours to benefit the men and horses of the regiment." In the 1st Dragoons, Sergeant-Major Matthew Bailey "never missed a day's duty, and was always a valuable man on pickets;" while Private John Savage "distinguished himself on outpost duty and by his care and attention to his horse during the severe winter, never missing a turn of duty, from sickness or any other cause." Sickness, indeed, seems to have been absolutely kept down and stifled by the will and devotion of these determined men. Sergeant James Newth, of the 4th Foot, "during the winter of 1854-55, though 'suffering severely from sickness, continued cheerfully to perform his duty.' Colour-Sergeant James Garrett, of the 39th, while under medical treatment, "joined his regiment on the 18th of June, knowing that an important attack was assigned to the brigade to which he belonged, and was obliged to go into hospital immediately on his return." Some of the testimonials given are wonderful in their point and brevity. Bombardier J. Bower, of the Royal Artillery, "always behaved well under fire." Of Corporal Michael Monaghan, of the 9th, it is said, "This man's gallantry has been always conspicuous," and in two or three cases the title of the claimants to the medal is summed up in the sententious remark—"A good soldier."

Good, indeed, they all were; so good that it has been hard to choose for any special notice even such examples as those recorded above, and they must be received rather as specimens than selections of the heroes of the British army.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has issued a circular memorandum urging the performance of platoon exercise and rifle practice, which his Royal Highness appears to think have been neglected. Captains and subalterns are requested to attend rifle practice with their companies; and it is suggested that field officers should also render themselves conversant with the theory and practice of musketry.

CHINESE NOTES.

THE ARMY AND MILITARY SYSTEM OF CHINA.

WERE we called upon to pronounce judgment on the disposition for war and military glory of the Celestials by the spectacles which they delight to witness in their theatres, we should say that never did there exist a more tremendously fierce, Ajaxian race, than the natives of the Flowery Land. Such desperate encounters, such valorous achievements, such furious onslaughts and repulses, performed to the exhilarating music of drums and gongs, are gone through on the stage, exciting among the fat-faced, vacant-eyed, sleek-headed spectators, enthusiasm not to be surpassed by the ecstasy created by any given number of European life-or-death combats with black swords, performed to the inspiring strains of fiddles and double-basses.

And then, in their martial exercises, such flourishing of long swords, tearing and stamping about in wooden shoes, stitching of "Valour" on their jackets, waving of green and red standards with ferocious dragons on them, bearing hither and thither of shields with terrific Medusan images emblazoned thereon, such twanging of bows, and twirling of spears! It makes a wonderful show and bluster, and persuades the gaudy fellows into esteeming themselves very redoubtable warriors indeed.

China, however, it must be admitted, is, in all points of view from which it can be regarded, much more a civil than a military country. This is plainly proved by the manner in which they themselves consider their army and military institutions. Although several of their cities are exclusively military, and in the greater number of their provinces there are military depôts, yet their soldiery are looked on as a very inferior class of persons; and the warlike force of the country bears a very low ratio to the number of its inhabitants. Indeed, the moral power and influence of the Chinese empire over the surrounding nations may be viewed as a standing miracle, in connection with the real weakness and inefficiency of its military system. The triumphal arches of China proclaim vauntingly her first successes in warlike struggles; but the patient industry and cheerfulness of her people render them better citizens than warriors. It is, undoubtedly, but indifferent policy on the part of the Chinese Government, to render the army and military system unworthy of popular respect; for it is clear to all that the degradation of the military—the natural defenders of the country—will lead to weakness in every state in which they are regarded as being inferior in rank to the civil authorities.

The military forces of China are estimated at more than 800,000 men. In their army rank is hereditary. A soldier can retire from the service only when his son is in a position to replace him; if he has no son of his own, he is at liberty to adopt one. It is allowable to enter the service at as early an age as fifteen. Gunpowder has been in use among the Chinese from time immemorial; nevertheless, the Chinese artillery is far from being as perfect as that of Europe. The balls originally used by the Chinese artillerymen were made of clay dried and hardened.

In times of peace the soldiers are dispersed over the whole empire, and, in addition to their pay, they are at liberty to cultivate the portions of land that are allotted to them. They are generally employed by the State in public works or making roads, and in repairing the banks of rivers. Their arms consist of sabres, swords, pikes, muskets, bows and arrows. The Russian traveller Timbowski, who visited a large portion of the Chinese empire, states that the soldiers are clothed the same as the other inhabitants, with the exception of the tunic, which they wear over all, and which is always of the same colour as that of the flag under which they serve—that is to say, yellow, red, or blue, with or without border. In times of war, they receive helmets of iron, cuirasses that are quilted and wadded, and shields of bamboo wickerwork.

From the very commencement of a campaign the Chinese endeavour to get possession of the hostile commanders, either by force or by stratagem. Ou-Tse, the author of a treatise translated by Amiot, recommends that the drums and the cymbals should be confided to the most valiant warriors that can be found—"For the drums and the cymbals," says he, "have to speak to the ears, the flags and the standards to the eyes, recompenses and punishments to the hearts."

Their knowledge of artillery is very small. Gun carriages have not been introduced among them; all their cannon are immovably fixed in one position. They have candidly acknowledged their great inferiority in gunnery. The little that is known in Pekin concerning the art of founding cannon was entirely derived from the tuition of the Jesuit Ferdinand Verbiest.

The reverend father being called upon by the last Emperor of the Ming dynasty to assist him by his art against the invading Tartars, who just then ravaged the coasts of the empire, founded upwards of a hundred guns, which upon trial proved so highly satisfactory that the talented father was advanced to great honours by the grateful sovereign. Before Verbiest taught them to cast cannon, they used, there is reason to suppose, tubes of wrought-iron bound by hoops. Käng-hy, after the conquest of China, engaged Pere Verbiest to superintend the casting of some hundreds of guns, "a union of military pursuits with clerical, which brought some scandal on the enterprising father at Rome." Chinese guns are of the most miserable description, but curious from their extraordinary shape and general antiquity; many are mere bars of iron hooped together. Their matchlocks are of a rather eccentric fashion, and are supported on cross-sticks (which are invariably in villainous order), and badly supplied with flints, this valuable stone not being found in any part of China; there are no chalk-cliffs in the empire, so there is no adequate supply of gun-flints. As for percussion-caps, they are as yet an undiscovered wonder, so far as the warriors of the land of tea and chop-sticks are concerned. The matchlocks are truly wretched, and are most frequently rusted through, so as not to be fired without danger.

The butt terminates nearly in a point, and is not held to the shoulder in firing, but close to the side. Their rockets are the most childish weapon that can be imagined; in size about equal to a two-ounce rocket, with a small iron barb at the end. They are commonly discharged in showers of thousands at a time, to be admired for their beauty, but little dreaded for any powers of destruction they might carry with them. Their chain-shot is good, being a hollow round ball cut in halves, with about eighteen inches of chain attaching them to each other, and coiling in the hollow, so that when the cups are tied together for the purpose of loading, they resemble a cannon shot. Their swords are miserable also. Mr. Davis gives us a particular description of them, in relating the incidents of a visit to a Chinese encampment:—"On desiring to look at their swords, they (the soldiers) pulled them with some difficulty out of their sheaths, and displayed blades that were no better than hoop-iron, covered with rust."

Mr. Allon, however, while admitting that the appearance of the weapon in China is extremely rude and unfinished, informs us that he believed the swords or scimitars were equal in quality to the best from Spain. In the war in 1842, Commissioner Lin attempted an improvement in this department by the introduction of double sworded men, from which he calculated upon the annihilation of the English intruders, those "rebellious barbarians." "These twin swords (says Mr. Bingham) when in the scabbard appear as one thick clumsy weapon, about two feet in length, the guard for the hand continuing straight, rather beyond the 'fort' of the sword, then turning towards the point, forming a hook about two inches long. When in use, the thumb of each hand is passed under this hook, on which the sword hangs, until a twist of the wrist brings the gripe within the grasp of the swordsmen. Clashing and beating them together, and cutting the air in every direction, accompanying the action with abuse, noisy shouts, and hideous grimaces, these dread heroes advance, increasing their gesticulations and distortions of visage as they approach the enemy, when they expect the foe to become alarmed and fly before them." They possess nothing like bayonets. Various spears are in use, one with a kind of knife-blade, and another with a point and a sharp hook at the side.

With respect to their gunpowder, it has been remarked that one circumstance must tend very strongly to its imperfection. It is prepared, judging from the following extract from a "Pekin Gazette" for 1824, by the troops themselves as required:—"The Governor of Hoonan province has presented a report concerning the death of several persons by the explosion of gunpowder, as they were manufacturing the same in camp. While pounding the materials in a stone mortar, in the camp of the left division of the Governor's troops, a spark which was struck ignited the whole quan-



CHINESE SOLDIERS.

tity of powder, and the explosion killed five soldiers, together with six other persons."

It is usual in China to estimate the strength of the bore by the weight required to bend it, and the test applied is from eighty to ninety pounds. The string is placed behind an agate ring, upon the right thumb, the first joint of which is bent forward, and kept in the position by pressing the middle joint of the forefinger upon it. In this situation the string is drawn till the left arm is extended, and the right hand presses the right ear; the forefinger is then withdrawn from the thumb, which instantly forces the string from the agate ring, and discharges the arrow with considerable force.

In the wars which the Chinese have waged against their neighbours, or the nations that they have subjected, they have often been victorious, but their armies, in spite of the great number of their fighting men, are incapable of coping with European tactics.

A MANDARIN'S DINNER PARTY.

A mandarin's dinner party, as our readers may suppose, is rather a ceremonious affair. The mandarin is a great man in his way; his virtues

are supposed to lend lustre to his high rank, and he takes care that his neighbours shall not forget that such is the case. He is one of the real aristocracy of the Empire, and generally invested with considerable power. It appears that the Chinese nobles are of two kinds, hereditary and official. The former, consisting of the relatives of the Emperor, and styled princes, are neither numerous nor influential, as a class; the others, who are the mandarins, compose the real aristocracy of the country, and exercise all the power of the state. Of these, on the civil list of the Empire, there are estimated to be no fewer than fourteen thousand. It is a dinner party at the house of one of these important personages that our engraving represents.

The houses of mandarins have been often described, as more like cabinets containing curious works of art, than the homes of active and worldly men, who have elevated themselves to a conspicuous position by their intellectual superiority. The furniture of the apartments is costly and beautiful; the chairs are richly adorned with velvet cushions and draperies, while the walls and ceilings are decorated in the most brilliant

manner. When an occasion of conviviality occurs, the feast is spread with much magnificence. The table is covered with ornaments; and flowers and perfumes are placed in China jars in the centre, a clear space, however, being kept all around for the bowls of the various guests.

At the head of the table, which is a broad slab supported by a carved frame, on a chair raised higher than those of his guests, the mandarin takes his place with much pomp, and the banquet begins with a great deal of ceremony, which is of a kind somewhat inconvenient to the natives of European countries. The host drinks to his guests, and they to him in turn, which is perhaps tolerable enough; but he even eats to them; and his every movement is intended to mean something, and exerts more or less influence on the company. The dinner itself consists of a number of made dishes, served in porcelain bowls which are carried on trays, and the wine is of a light kind made from rice, but having the flavour of sherry. Although chopsticks are the instruments generally used by the Chinese at their meals, silver forks, with four prongs, are seen on grand occasions; and the wine is drunk from small cups of porcelain.



A DINNER PARTY AT A CHINESE MANDARIN'S.

DR. KERN.

THE conferences on the Swiss question having broken down almost as soon as they were opened, Dr. Kern was sent from Switzerland with new and full instructions. Upon his tact and talent now greatly depend the issues of an affair which has not even yet lost the threatening aspect it originally wore.

Dr. Kern was born in 1808 in the market town of Berlingen, near to Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgovia. His father, who was a merchant of some wealth, appears to have encouraged the studious habits of his son; and he was first sent to school at Diessenhofen, on the Rhine; then to the gymnasium of Zurich, which he left to proceed to the University of Basle, with the intention of devoting himself to the study of theology.

Of theology he appears soon to have grown weary; for he became a law student, and finished his studies in the schools of Berlin, Heidelberg, and Paris. Finding, on returning to his native country, that a career of honour was before him, he soon distinguished himself. From 1837, he performed in his canton the duties of President of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and those of President of the Council of Education. To the duties of the latter office he devoted his most earnest attention.

Dr. Kern at an early period, urged on by his liberal tendencies, was engaged in reforming the cantonal institutions. For the task he was qualified by his profound learning, clear and quick intelligence, uprightness of character, and his kind disposition. In addition to these eminent qualities, he was largely gifted with oratorical talents, which seldom failed in accomplishing the object for which they were exerted.

In a wider field, he was from 1833, under the old compact, as under the new federal Constitution, regularly chosen representative of his canton in the Diet or in the National Assembly. This was a proof of continued confidence very rare in Switzerland, and the name of a man of the importance and capacity of Dr. Kern was not long before it was generally recognised. In 1838, the French Government, it will be remembered, insisted through its Ambassador, the Duke of Montebello, on the extradition of Prince Louis Napoleon, who had for some time, with his mother, the Queen Hortense, been residing in the canton of Thurgovia. The commune of Salenstein had acceded to the Prince the rights of a citizen, and the people of Diessenhofen had elected him their representative—an honour, however, which the Prince declined.

In the Diet, Dr. Kern, who was on terms of intimacy with the Prince, loudly protested against the right of any Power to interfere with the hospitality of his canton, or with the liberty of a Swiss citizen; and when he returned to Thurgovia, to render to the Town Council an account of the deliberations of the Diet, he urged his fellow-citizens not to allow themselves to be intimidated by the menaces of France. "Do that which is right, be the consequence what it may," was the conclusion of his speech. Not a voice was raised in favour of the foreign request, and Dr. Kern had the satisfaction to return to the Diet with the unanimous votes of his canton.

Time passed over, and in 1848 Dr. Kern was sent by the Diet to Vienna as *chargé d'affaires* of the Swiss Confederation.



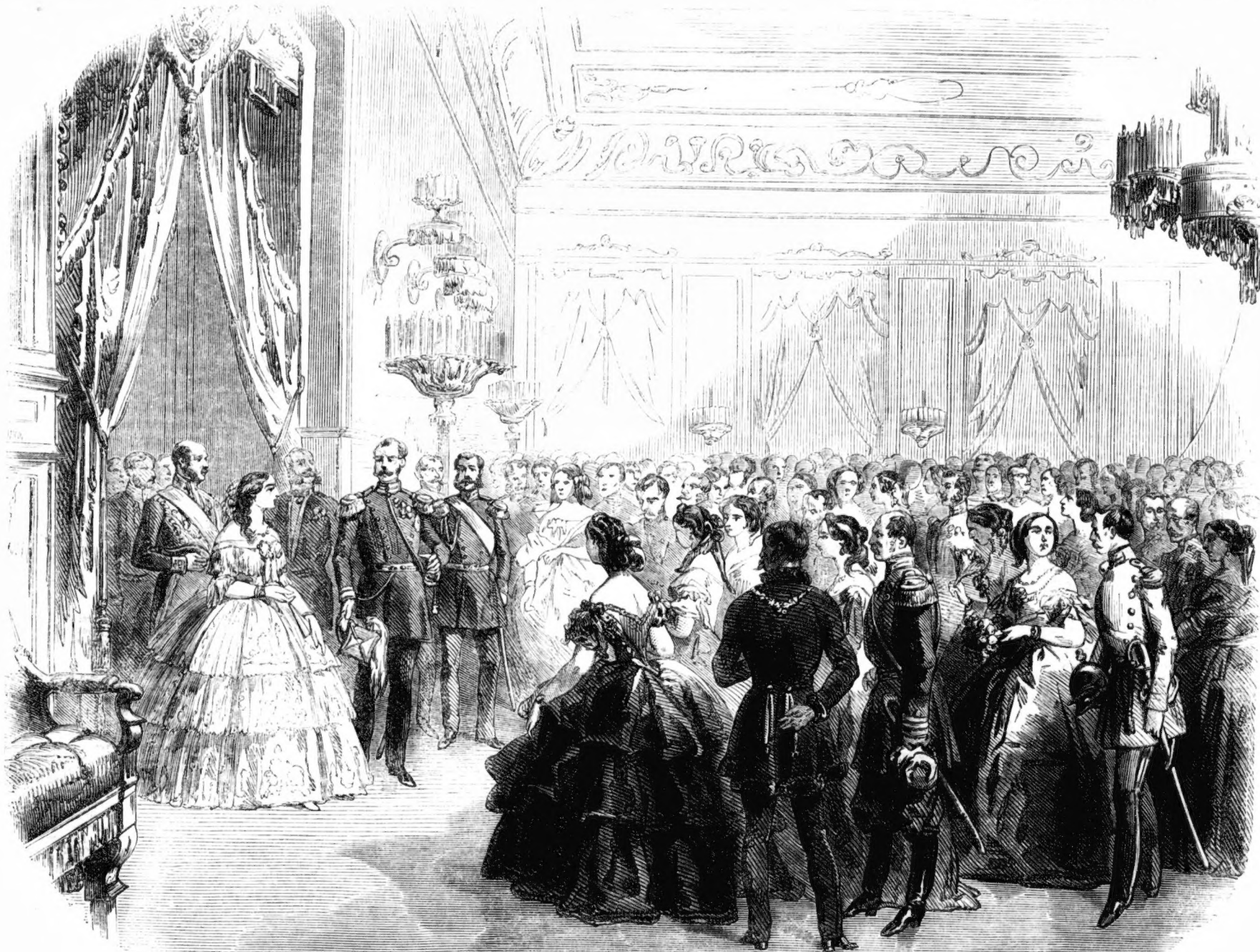
DR. KERN, REPRESENTATIVE OF SWITZERLAND AT THE NEUCHÂTEL 'CONFERENCES.

tion. This appointment he consented to hold only during the reformation of the new confederation. He was one of the most liberal of the reformers of 1848, and one of the most active and hard-working members of the commission authorised to draw up the Federal Constitution.

Dr. Kern has during the last few years been connected with the most important affairs of the Federal Government. The canton of Thurgovia sent him to Berne as deputy to the National Council, and then as her representative to the Council of State. As President of the Ecole Polytechnique of Zurich, he has done much for that valuable institution.

Switzerland knows and respects the man to whom she has entrusted the care of her dignity in the conferences which have recently opened, and has reason to hope that she will not have cause to regret the choice she has made.

According to the "Bund" (Swiss paper) the following are the conditions which Dr. Kern brought forward at the fifth sitting of the conference as the only basis on which Switzerland would consent to treat: 1. Prussia is to acknowledge the complete independence of the canton of Neuchâtel of every foreign tie; and, as a consequence of this, the King is to formally renounce all pretensions whatsoever to that country. 2. Switzerland cannot admit a preliminary recognition of Prussia's rights of sovereignty over Neuchâtel. 3. Switzerland concedes neither to the present King of Prussia, nor to any member of the Royal family of Prussia, the right of bearing the title of Prince of Neuchâtel. She is bound, therefore, now and for ever, to protest against any sort of pretensions which might afterwards be deduced from this title, disputed, as it is, by Switzerland. 4. The charitable institutions now existing in the canton are to be recognised as such, maintained, and placed under the protection of the constitution, and of the laws of the country. As for guarantees of another kind, no question of them can be entertained. 5. The Confederation will proclaim, for the authors of the insurrection of September, and for all who took part in it, a general amnesty; they cannot, therefore, be proceeded against, either criminally or by civil process, for acts connected with that affair and other political offences. For the rest, they will enjoy, in common with all their fellow-citizens, the protection of the Federal and Cantonal Constitutions. No special guarantee in their favour is admitted. 6. The Confederation undertakes to defray the expenses incurred by the occupation of the Canton of Neuchâtel and the levy of troops which took place. On the other hand, all demands for an indemnity in money are rejected. On the other hand, the King of Prussia still positively refuses to renounce his claims to the Principality of Neuchâtel, unless Switzerland and the Conference previously formally recognise their justice, and this resolution meets with the approval of Austria and Russia. His Prussian Majesty, who insists on retaining the title of Prince of Neuchâtel and Count of Valengin, also demands a round sum—2,000,000*fr.* It is said—as an indemnity for the loss of a part of the revenue of the domains. The views of England and France seem to incline decidedly to the side of Switzerland, although the Allies are both said to be of opinion that an indemnity ought to be given to the Prussian Crown for any private property which it may possess in Neuchâtel.



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE BALL GIVEN BY THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE MORNAY AT ST. PETERSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. SORIEUL.)

THE COUNT DE MORNAY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE Count de Mornay, who during the *fêtes* consequent upon the coronation, was the most popular of all the Ambassadors at Moscow, and afterwards at St. Petersburg, appears now to have obtained the apogee of his popularity, or rather he attained it about six weeks since, for it may now be said to be on the decline. He has committed a species of suicide—he has allowed himself to be destroyed by his own ball; for it was at a recent splendid entertainment, given by him to the Emperor, that he first compromised his reputation for politeness. We believe that some revelations about stock-jobbing did the rest; but with that we have at present nothing to do. The ball in question was a kind of *fête* in honour of Count de Mornay's marriage, and was addressed specially to the Emperor, who was known to take a great interest in the Count de Mornay's bride—*née* Princess Troubetzkoi.

All the great questions of Europe have been for some time connected directly or indirectly with dress. (This is an argument which might have been adopted by Mr. Nicoll, on the hustings at Frome, with advantage, and which we place at his service for any future contest.) In Italy it was death during the insurrections to wear a white hat. England was nearly coming to a rupture with the United States on the subject of an American appearing, or rather trying to appear, at Court in a plain dress coat. It is notorious that one of the chief causes of the late war was the *paletot* said to have been worn by Menschikoff (for Menschikoff himself indignantly denied the accusation) in the presence of the Sultan. Now the position of Count de Mornay at St. Petersburg has actually been injured by his appearing towards the conclusion of his ball in a black coat instead of the ambassadorial uniform which he had worn during the early part of the evening—as long, in fact, as the Emperor was present. The Emperor had been attended by the Duke of Mecklenburg and a numerous suite of aides-de-camp; and when the Emperor left the ball-room, the Duke and the greater portion of the suite, together with the ladies of honour and most of the grand dignitaries of the Court, remained behind. Accordingly, the haste with which the Count de Mornay and his *attachés* retired to change their official costumes was considered a direct mark of disregard to the visitors who were still in the room, and who were all attired in uniforms or court dresses. We may add that many of the guests were quite on an equal footing with the ingenious and speculative De Mornay, and that all of them felt naturally aggrieved by the *sans façon* of that facetious Ambassador. To appreciate the insult in all its force, it is necessary to remember that in Russia the etiquette of dress is observed with a severity which is unknown elsewhere. It is impossible to go to a morning concert, to a breakfast, or even to make a morning call, otherwise than in a dress-coat, and at all kinds of official receptions the uniform is indispensable. If the Count de Mornay had gone to a state ball in a black coat, his conduct would have been considered strange; but in his own house to appear first of all in the *tenue* required by the occasion, and afterwards change it deliberately for one deemed unbecoming, must have appeared most extraordinary. These questions always strike us in a comic aspect; but looking at the matter seriously, we are decidedly of opinion that the Count de Mornay was guilty of a species of snobbishness. It was just as if at a private ball a gentleman should receive a distinguished visitor in a dress coat, and on his departure put on a shooting-jacket as a cooler and more comfortable garment, without paying the least attention to the fact that all his remaining guests were in the usual evening attire.

We have said the Emperor took a special interest in the Princess Troubetzkoi. She is, in fact, his sister, being a natural daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas; so that the Count de Mornay, himself brother to Louis-Napoleon, is also brother-in-law to the Emperor Alexander, while his wife stands in a similar relationship to the Emperor of the French. In the illustration which this article is intended to accompany, the Emperor, who is dancing with the Countess de Mornay, is dressed in the uniform of the Lancers of the Guard. Behind the Countess is her husband, as he appeared before the transformation which excited so much displeasure. The Imperial party are pausing between the figures of a quadrille, for Alexander differs from his predecessors on the subject of dancing, and executes quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, with equal readiness; whereas the Russian Emperors of former days never condescended to do more than walk through a Polonaise about once or twice a year.

The marriage of the Count de Mornay with the Princess Troubetzkoi, although it occurred so soon after the coronation, attracted the attention of all Russia. The service was celebrated in the Greek, and afterwards in the Catholic Church, with the greatest splendour. One of the officiating priests paid the Ambassador the compliment of an address in Latin, which his Excellency was unable to understand; and he was accordingly provided with a German translation, which was equally unintelligible to him. After the marriage, it was rumoured that Count de Mornay intended to realise all his French property and invest the entire amount in a Russian estate. To do this, it would have been necessary for him to enter the Russian service, as only those who attain a high government rank can hold land. The advantage of the step was, that it would make the Count de Mornay the owner of property under a secure government, which that of France can scarcely be called—certainly not in the case of a man who has acquired the whole of his property under the new régime.

There is some talk now of the Count de Mornay being replaced as Ambassador by some Frenchman of a less speculative turn of mind. In that case, M. de Mornay will almost certainly establish himself permanently in Russia; but, wherever he happens to be, we may safely say that he will always give very brilliant balls.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

RESULTS OF THE POLLS.

The following, with the lists given in Nos. 102 and 103, complete, with a few exceptions, the Election returns throughout the United Kingdom:—

ANTRIM (COUNTY).		LONGFORD (COUNTY).	
Pakenham—L	4538	White	1030
Macartney—C	4233	Graville	1495
O'Hara	1453	Forbes	932
ARMAGH (COUNTY).		LOUTH (COUNTY).	
Verner—C	Unopposed.	Fortescue—L	1378
Cloze—L—C	"	M'Clintock—C	1084
CAVAN (COUNTY).		Bellew	891
Maxwell—C	"	Kennedy	407
Amesley—C	"	MAYO (COUNTY).	
CLARE (COUNTY).		Palmer—C	1144
Conyngham	2852	Moore—L	1061
Calcott	1375	Higgins	1035
Fitzgerald	1227	MERIONETHSHIRE.	
CORK (COUNTY).		Wynne—C	Unopposed.
Derry—L	6788	MONAGHAN (COUNTY).	
MacCarthy—L	6265	Forster—C	"
Scully	2532	Leslie—C	"
DONEGAL.		QUEEN'S COUNTY.	
Conolly—C	Unopposed.	Coote—C	2091
Hayes—C	"	Dunne—L	1686
DOWN (COUNTY).		Fitzpatrick	1188
Hill—C	5915	ROSCOMMON.	
Forde—C	5316	Grace—L	Unopposed.
Ker	3646	French—L	"
DUBLIN (COUNTY).		ROSS AND CROMARTY.	
Hamilton—C	2450	Matheson—L	"
Taylor—C	2340	SALISBURY.	
Domville	1645	Buckley—L	"
GALWAY (COUNTY).		Maish—L	"
Burke—C	1531	SLIGO (COUNTY).	
Gregory—L	1215	Booth—C	1358
Bellew	808	Conner—C	1338
KEERRY (COUNTY).		Ball	287
Herbert—L	Unopposed.	Saif	5
Castlerosse—L	"	SOMERSETSHIRE (EAST).	
KILKENNY (COUNTY).		Miles—C	Unopposed.
Ellis—C	2587	Kaathubul—C	"
Greene—C	1620	TIPPERARY.	
Mostyn	1314	O'Donoghue—C	"
Shee	1034	Waldron—L	"
LONDONDERRY (COUNTY).		WATERFORD (COUNTY).	
Clark—C	2403	Power—L	"
Greer—L	2338	Esmond—L	"
Bruce	1673	WICKLOW (COUNTY).	
		Milton	1491
		Hume	1141
		Monck	558

INTERESTING TO EVERY CONSTITUENCY IN THE KINGDOM.

Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" will publish an extra Number of that newspaper, containing short Biographical Notices of the whole of the Members of the

NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

accompanied by their avowed opinions on all the great political questions of the day, and a statement of the chief votes given by such as were Members of the late and former Parliaments. This

PARLIAMENTARY NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES" will be rendered still more interesting by the accompaniment of between

ONE AND TWO HUNDRED PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Drawn and Engraved in nearly every instance from Photographs taken by Mr. MATALE, of Regent Street, for this special purpose. Among these Portraits will be included all the Members of the present Government having seats in the House of Commons, the leaders and other prominent members of the different political parties; and, in fact, every individual of note returned to the new Parliament, including a considerable number of those representatives who have been elected for the first time.

This extra Number of the "Illustrated Times" will be published at the ordinary price. The purchase of it will not be compulsory on regular subscribers to the paper, but the extra number will not be sold separately from the ordinary Number issued on the same day.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON, (Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above may still be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," but it will not be sold separately from No. 100 of the Paper, the price of which, with the Map, is 5d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, from the Office, on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

It is necessary that FOUR Stamps be forwarded with all applications to the Publisher of the "Illustrated Times" for single copies of the paper. For two copies SEVEN Stamps will be sufficient.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. S. P. M.—During the whole of his lifetime.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1857.

MORALITY OF ELECTIONS.

WE revert to this subject—1st, because the memory of the elections is still fresh; 2nd, because it will form an important part of the discussions on any new Reform Bill.

The improper influences still in use at elections are of a two-fold character—intimidation and seduction—the agency of terror and the agency of cajolery. While either or both of these exist, a double harm is produced: the particular election itself is rendered a violent one, and the people are demoralised. Both the Parliament and the public, in fact, are deteriorated in their character.

Considerable good has been done by the very stringent acts to which we alluded last week. The expenses of elections are very much reduced; they have to pass before an "election auditor," and a due circumspection is maintained. Nevertheless, a man determined to bribe and treat has this in his favour—that the process of petitioning Parliament is so expensive, that it deters a candidate dishonestly defeated from opposing him. To fail is ruinous—and the election committees are perhaps too apt to require very strict evidence indeed. They have a natural leaning that way; whereas one would think that a reasonable and moderate amount of evidence ought to satisfy them, considering the difficulty of proof in such transactions. When these matters come before legislators again, we trust to see justice made a little cheaper. It is a British tendency—as we see in divorce cases—to make everything too dear: our institutions overcharge us, like our hotels. In former days, many a family has been ruined by its contests, as fatally as if it had taken to gambling; and we still require a further modification of the expenditure involved in them. It is worth noticing, that the old kind of expensiveness (still not entirely gone by) did nobody any good, after all. The money which it poured into the pockets of innkeepers, lawyers, voters, and the populace, like all money similarly obtained, was apt to have just the contrary effect to that produced by money gained by industry. When the frenzy of the weeks of excitement passed away, the greatest rascals had always made the most, and the general populace retained little but thirst, headaches, and black eyes. The objection, in fact, to undue election expenditure is, that it demoralises. Poor old Colonel Sibthorp used

to defend the kind of thing for its jollity, its kindness, and its keeping the people on good terms with the gentry. We are ourselves of opinion that the modern tendency of grandees to be "screws" is an ignoble and mischievous sort of sign of the times; but the Colonel should have reflected, that as money goes, now-a-days, the very interest he was thinking of would soon be thrashed at the game he was plying. Last century, in the great Westminster contests (when the Duchess of Devonshire kissed a butcher on condition that he would vote for Charles Fox), there might be something hearty in the grand lavishness of the political men; but in our day we have seen money give popularity in the same district to a Charles Cochrane. You can never keep up what the tendency of the age is sweeping away; and the old election roystering have had their day, like may-poles, bull-baiting, and Robin Hood.

But in proportion as the gayer kind of bad influences has gone, so ought the gloomier kind to go. If we are getting rid of jolly corruption, it is even more incumbent on us to get rid of that baser phenomenon—intimidation. The Greeks (as Byron reminds us) have kept the Pyrrhic dance, but lost the Pyrrhic phalanx. In electioneering, shall we abolish the merrier kind of mischief and keep the darker, uglier one? We regret to say that here the character of the age—which has a quicker instinct for interest than for fun—rather alarms us.

There have been undoubted instances of intimidation in this last general election. In certain towns, the old plan of revenging one's self on tradesmen for political offences—an act grossly immoral as surely as it is despicably mean—has been freely resorted to; in certain counties, the "screw" has been put on the tenants, sometimes when both candidates have been of the same politics, and sometimes when they have been of different ones. We have heard of counties where a whole tenantry, who voted for a Liberal candidate the last time, voted *en masse* for a Conservative one this—and *vice versa*. Had they been converted in a body, like the Saxons by Charlemagne? Not they. The property had changed hands, or the proprietor had changed politics.

Now, against the legitimate influence of property we have not a word to say; first, because it is legitimate; and, secondly, because every man who knows the world knows that it is inevitable and irresistible. But there are degrees in everything; and he who makes his tenantry "right about face" in the kind of way we have described, must pardon us if we consider him a political rascal, to be resisted when he invades us with his legions as if he were a filibuster. Against this evil, in short, a stand must promptly be made—and we have a suggestion or two to make on the way of doing it. The said suggestions are as follows:—

1st. Let "intimidation" be formally recognised as a legal offence, in a way which it is not at present, and made a ground of disqualification, like bribery or treating. This is a sound principle; and though the details will be difficult, the need of reform is urgent, and they must not be shrunk from.

2nd. Let it be provided, that in all cases where "intimidation" (largely but accurately interpreted) has been brought home to any county or borough, and proved to exist as a habitual system, the *Ballot* shall be imposed on that county or borough as a penal measure. By so doing, we should punish the parties immediately offending; and likewise, we should learn the working of the ballot on good evidence—evidence far better for our guidance than any now extant illustration of that much-disputed system of voting.

We submit these suggestions—without being ignorant of the difficulties to which they might give rise either, yet prepared to meet these—to politicians and the public for the present; but shall resume the consideration of them, of course, as proper occasions offer.

BIRTH OF A PRINCESS.

ON Tuesday afternoon, at a quarter past two o'clock, her Majesty was safely delivered of a Princess. We are happy to add that the present condition of her Majesty and of the Royal Infant, affords every probability of the rapid restoration of the one, and the continued health of the other.

There were present on the occasion, in her Majesty's room, Prince Albert, Dr. Locock, Dr. Snow, and Mrs. Lilly, the nurse. In the adjoining apartments, besides the other medical attendants (Sir James Clark and Dr. Ferguson), were the Mistress of the Robes, the Lady-in-waiting on the Queen, and the following Officers of State and Lords of the Privy Council, viz.:—The Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Palmerston, Sir George Grey, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Secretary Labouchere, Lord Panmure, Sir Charles Wood, the Bishop of London, and the Marquis of Breadalbane. The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg, arrived at the Palace shortly before two o'clock.

The interesting news was made known to the town by the firing of the Park and Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible, it was ordered that a form of thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Princess be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 19th of April, or the Sunday after the respective Ministers shall receive the same.

OBITUARY.

SOMERS-COCKS, HON. P. G.—On the 1st inst., at Stepple Hill, county of Salop, aged 82, died the Hon. Philip James Somers-Cocks, great-uncle to the present Earl Somers. He was born in 1774, and was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards. He was heir-presumptive to the Baroncy of Somers. He married, in 1812, Frances, daughter of Arthur Herbert, Esq., by whom he had one daughter and four sons, the eldest of whom is Vicar of Wolverley, county of Worcester.

JERVIS, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.—On the 3rd inst., at the age of 61, died Lieut.-Colonel Jervis, F.R.S., of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers, and founder of the Topographical and Statistical Depot, War Department. He had cultivated with great zeal the study of Oriental languages, particularly that of Pekin, and took an active interest in the general advancement of science. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1835; and was a fellow also of the Linnean, Geological, and Astronomical Societies.

TAYLOR, SIR CHARLES.—On Good Friday, at his seat, Hollycombe, Sussex, died Sir Charles Taylor, Bart. He had attained the great age of 87 years, and sat in Parliament for a considerable time. He married a sister of the late Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thompson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, and leaves issue one son, now Sir Charles Taylor, who inherits the family estates in Sussex and Somersetshire, and one daughter, who is married to Mr. William Brougham, brother of Lord Brougham, and formerly one of the Masters in Chancery.

BALL, ROBERT.—On the 30th ult., at his house in Granby Row, died Robert Ball, LL.D., the celebrated zoologist. He was born in the county of Cork, in 1802, and early exhibited that taste for natural history which he so assiduously cultivated in after years. While employed in the Chief Secretary's office in Dublin Castle, where he passed a period of twenty-five years, performing with regularity the duties prescribed, he sedulously embraced every opportunity of extending his zoological knowledge, and enlarging his collection of specimens illustrative of the natural history of Ireland. That collection was purchased for the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, some years ago, and was confided to Dr. Ball's own care, he being appointed Director of the Museum, an office which he still held at the period of his decease. The other public offices which he filled were—Secretary of the Queen's University in Ireland, of the Committee of Lectures in connection with the Department of Science and Art, and Assistant Examiner for Ireland to the Civil Service Committee. He was also for some years Treasurer of the Royal Irish Academy, an office which, in corporate rank, is second only to that of the President.

BUNBURY, MAJOR-GENERAL.—On the 13th inst., died Major-General Bunbury. He led the storming party at Forts Frederick and Zeeland, as a volunteer, at the capture of Surinam, in 1804. He served in the campaign of 1814 in Holland, including the attack on Mooker, and the bombardment of the French fleet at Antwerp. He served also in the American war. He became a captain in November, 1808, major in April, 1814, lieutenant-colonel in July, 1821, colonel in January, 1837, and major-general in November, 1846.

TODDLEREN ON THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOLE.—Napoleon III. asked General Toddlere, at his first audience, whether, if the French and English had marched on Sebastopol at once after the battle of Alma, they could have taken it. General Toddlere declared that there was no doubt about it, as there were but two or three battalions in the place. This opinion was subsequently expressed by him to others.

THE PROGRESS OF HIPPOPHAGY.—An experimental dinner was given the other day to a number of savans who took the lead some time ago in recommending horse-flesh as a wholesome and nourishing aliment. The banquet accordingly consisted almost exclusively of that esculent and of the ignama, a Chinese root which promises to become a powerful auxiliary to the potato. Among the guests were M. de St. Hilaire, the originator of hippophagy in France; M. Mequin, Tandon, and Payen, members of the Institute; General de Bressols, Director of the Artillery Department at the Ministry of War; and Dr. Yvan, a gentleman who has travelled much, and whose claims to be considered a connoisseur in gastronomy rest on the fact that, according to his own account, he has in the course of his life eaten of the dog, cat, monkey, rat, lizard, shark, and even leeches! This gentleman states that the dinner consisted of a broad-soup of horse-broth, boiled horse flesh (five hours' cooking), ignamas of China stewed in butter, dabs with Dutch sauce, and ignamas boiled for twelve minutes in water and salt, vol-au-vent d'amourette made with the spinal marrow of the horse, a chine of horse (fiet de cheval) roasted, a truffled turkey, and a pie of à la mode horse flesh. The soup was pronounced excellent, having a flavour which beef-broth does not arrive at; the boiled meat could not be distinguished from beef by any outward token, and the taste was nearly the same. The vol-au-vents, Dr. Yvan states, would not have disgraced an Imperial table. The roast meat was extremely rich in gravy, and emitted a peculiar aroma not unlike that belonging to good venison. In short, the horse was unanimously pronounced a fit animal for human food.

FALL OF HOUSES.—A very lamentable catastrophe occurred on Friday (the 10th) in a court, called Russell Place, turning out of Little Russell Street, Covent Garden. The houses there (five in number) were in a very dilapidated state, and were being pulled down. Some workmen were employed upon a wall at the back, which fell down shortly before eleven o'clock, burying several persons in the ruins. Four men were drawn out—one dead, and the other three frightfully injured. It is feared that one of these will die.

ASSAULT UPON THE POLICE NEAR BRIGHTON.—On Good Friday about 7,000 persons assembled at the Halfway-house, midway between the Devil's Dyke and Brighton. There is usually such an assemblage on holidays. In the course of the evening there was a fight; the police interfered, and were attacked by the mob. Some of the constables were severely injured, large flint stones having been thrown at them. Two of the rioters were examined before the magistrates on Saturday. The evidence was insufficient to show that the injuries sustained by the police were the personal acts of the prisoners, though two distinct assaults were proved against each of them, and they were fined £20 for each assault, and in default of payment were committed for two months, at the expiration of which time they are to be further imprisoned for two months, with hard labour.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AT MAIDSTONE.—A woman of light character at Maidstone, had been nearly murdered by a bargeman, between whom and herself a quarrel had been an altercation. The girl's skull is fractured, and she lies in a very dubious state.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE ABOLITION OF THE SOUND DUES has caused very great satisfaction in Sweden, as the trade of the country is thus relieved from a yearly tax of no less than a million of rix-dollars, or the interest of a capital of 20,000,000 rix-dollars.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE will be sold by auction on Tuesday, the 21st inst. LEUTENANT PERRY, of Windsor court-martial celebrity, has adopted the stage as a profession. He recently appeared at Melbourne in "London Assurance."

A CONCERT will be given at Exeter Hall, late in the present month, for the benefit of the daughters of Mr. Leffler, who are left by their father's decease in great necessity.

THE "PATRIE"—French paper—is anxious to state that the present Emperor desires earnestly to carry out the policy of Napoleon I., "who reconciled society with God, and New France with the Pope, his representative upon earth."

THE OFFICES OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY have been removed from Somerset House to Burlington House.

DR. FULLER has been appointed physician, and Dr. J. W. Ogle, assistant physician, to St. George's Hospital. Dr. Basham succeeds Dr. Roe as senior physician of Westminster Hospital.

MR. HORACE VERNET has received an official invitation from Washington to paint the portrait of President Buchanan. He is going to America for the purpose.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Jenny Lind) gave birth to a daughter, on the 31st ult., at Dresden.

A SETTLER AT KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, in the Cape colony, has received two bales of wool grown by Tambookias; it is hoped that this may prove a commencement of wool-growing generally by the Caffre tribes.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT intends to encourage horse-races in Vienna, Pesth, and other places, by granting 70,000 florins per annum for the next three years for prizes.

REWARDS have been given to twenty-three cab-drivers of Paris, for honesty in delivering up articles left in their vehicles; certificates of honesty have been bestowed on forty-one other drivers; and the names of the whole have been posted up at all the carriage stations.

THE SUBSCRIPTION for the family of Mr. Little, the railway treasurer, who was murdered in Dublin, now amounts to £1,343. The Midland Railway Company have received it as a deposit, and will allow 6 per cent. interest.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK PREMISES in Threadneedle Street were sold by auction on Wednesday week; they were purchased for the Baltic Committee at £11,000, and some £2,000 more will be paid for fixtures.

THE NATIVES OF NEW CALEDONIA have massacred a colony of eleven Frenchmen and fourteen Sandwich Islanders, at Morari, about seven miles from Port de France. The motives for the act do not appear.

THE "OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA," John Hames, who lives in Murray county, Georgia, is said to be a hundred and thirty-four years old. He fought in the war of Independence. He has a grandson sixty years old.

THE RUSSIAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY is to have a rival at Constantinople, where a company has been formed to trade in the Black Sea and in the Mediterranean as far west as Genoa; the Government supports the scheme. The Russian Government has sent extensive orders to our North-east ports for iron screw-steamers for service in the Black Sea.

AN EXPERIMENT to introduce the nightingale into Australia has recently been made. Some gentlemen bought a few specimens imported by a German bird-fancier, and turned them loose in the Botanical Gardens. The result of the experiment is looked forward to with great interest.

COLONEL WHIMPER, who was badly wounded at the Alma, has been appointed to be Major of the Tower of London, in the room of the late Major Ebrington.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON is to confer the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour on the Shah of Persia, and Ferukh Khan is to be made a commander.

A BRANCH LINE OF THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY, from Leamside to Bishop Auckland, was opened last week. It passes through the city of Durham; it is fifteen miles long, and has cost £450,000. There is a great mineral traffic.

THE NYROPOLIS COMPANY have started a new kind of insurance—"funeral insurance;" persons can pay monthly or yearly sums that will insure them a funeral, grand or humble, according to their payments.

A VAST NUMBER OF PAINTED BOOKS (many of them rare and of great value), with several antique Oriental MSS., were recently destroyed by fire at Messrs. Allen and Co.'s of Leadenhall Street.

FROM SIXTEEN TO TWENTY THOUSAND GALLONS OF WINE were produced in Victoria in the year 1854; it is expected that the returns for the following year will be much larger.

THE CURIOUS AND HIDEOUS MUD-FISH, from the river Gambia, which was kept in an aquarium at the Crystal Palace, some time ago escaped from its tank, and wandered none knew whither. At length it was discovered at the bottom of the large flower-fountain at the north end of the building. It had grown to twice its original size, having passed its seclusion in devouring gold and silver fish.

THE "PROGRES DU PAS DE CALAIS," the journal in which the present Emperor of the French was wont to publish his meditations as the "Prisoner of Ham," has been suppressed for articles recommending the liberal party to vote at the forthcoming elections in France.

A NEW PICTURE GALLERY (the Sheepshanks Gallery) is to be erected in Kensington. Mr. Sheepshanks's gift to the nation is accepted, with all its imposed conditions; its expressed wishes, however, especially with regard to the opening of the gallery on Sundays, are postponed for future consideration.

THE EDITOR OF ARCHBISHOP LAUD'S WORKS in the Anglo-Catholic Library announces that he has collected materials for an additional volume, which will contain one hundred and twenty letters, hitherto unpublished, addressed by the Archbishop to King Charles, the Queen of Bohemia, the Prince her son, Sir Thomas Rowe, Lord Dorchester, the two Lords Conway (the Secretary of State and his son), Sir John Lambe, and other correspondents.

MR. ROBERTS, an American tragedian, recently arrived in England for the first time.

THE LATE HEAVY RAINS have caused the principal rivers in the West Riding of Yorkshire to overflow, and a large district in the vicinity of the Ouse, the Aire and Calder, and the Don, is now submerged.

M. MICHAEL LEVY, a Paris publisher, has bought the "Mémoires" of M. Guizot for a sum of 100,000 francs. The work is to appear in four or five volumes, and will be entitled, "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon Temps depuis 1814 jusqu'au 22 Février, 1848."

SEVERAL CASES OF GARROTTE ROBBERY have occurred within the last two or three weeks in the neighbourhood of the Dyke Road and the Upper Shoreham Road, Brighton.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT has been for some time suffering from a very serious complaint, which, though not giving any cause of immediate alarm, is yet of a character to create uneasiness.

MR. W. J. FOX's admirers in Manchester are getting up a testimonial.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has decided that the introduction into Algeria of Indian and Chinese field labourers shall be encouraged, they being well suited to the cultivation and raising of certain special crops.

THE HON. AND REV. J. T. PELHAM, younger brother of the Earl of Chichester, we have good reason to believe, will be nominated by Lord Palmerston to the vacant see of Norwich.

PARLIAMENT will probably not meet before the 7th of May.

THE SUBJECT OF THE SUPPLY OF BUTCHERS' MEAT TO PARIS, including the question whether the trade shall be thrown open or not, and whether the tax shall be continued, modified, or abolished, is now under the consideration of the Council of State.

A TESTIMONIAL has been presented to Captain Disney Roebuck (late Royal Welsh Fusiliers), at the conclusion of his management of the camp amateur theatricals.

MR. JOHN TOWERS, one of the oldest and most indefatigable agricultural writers in England, died on Saturday last, at his house at Crofton, at the good old age of 79.

M. DUMONT, statutory member of the Institute, has been commissioned to execute a statue which the population of Mauritius are about to erect to the memory of their ancient Governor, Labourdonnaye.

ONE OF THE CONSTABLES engaged in the preservation of peace at the Sheffield election on Saturday week has since died, in consequence of injuries which he received by a stone, which was thrown by some of the mob who assembled in front of the Angel Hotel.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL has been seriously indisposed, and is yet very weak.

THE SUPPORTERS of the Birmingham Juvenile Reformatory at Upper Saltery held their annual meeting in the Birmingham Town Hall on Wednesday week—Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. The report was highly satisfactory.

SOME TWENTY SKELETONS, the skulls of three or four of which were wanting, were found in digging behind York Castle. They are supposed to be the remains of twenty-one Scottish rebels, two of whom were executed on Saturday, the 1st of November, 1746, and the remainder on the Saturday following.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE CEMETERY connected with the town of Keighley last week, the Bishop of Ripon preached to the crowd with great earnestness and effect in the open air.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE Parliamentary recess has left the town duller even than it is in August, for then gossips have past deeds to discuss; whereas, now that the excitement of the elections is over, there is no topic for general conversation but that boon to the feeble, the fickleness of the weather. True, faint rumours come up from distant Manchester, telling us that the preparations towards the opening of the Exhibition of Art Treasures are making way, that Mr. Egg is busy hanging pictures, Mr. Planche arranging armour, Mr. Cunningham cataloguing, and Mr. Deane generally superintending.

Mr. Barber, whose picture of the "Allied Generals before Sebastopol" excited such attention, and was so highly praised two years ago, has recently returned from Kars, where he has been making sketches, to be introduced into his new picture, "The Departure of General Williams from Kars," which is now on the stocks.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

EASTER PERFORMANCES.

IN these degenerate days the glories of Easter entertainments, which only a few years since rivalled in splendour and costliness, ay, and in attraction, the Christmas pantomimes, have lost their lustre and prestige, and but very few of the principal theatres make any change in their programme for the special diversion of the holiday folk. Moreover, this year witnessed the abolition of Greenwich Fair, and threw upon the metropolis the crowd which annually visited that scene of enchantment, so that theatrical managers were sure of a larger amount of prey than usual, and didn't particularly care about offering special delicacies to tempt the intellectual palates of their patrons. Greenwich Fair was, without exception, the noisiest, foulest, lowest, and withal most dreary place of amusement that I can recollect. There drunkenness and practical jokes reigned supreme. The fair was held in a species of narrow lane leading from Greenwich Church to Deptford Creek, bordered on either side by dull and stupid shows, interspersed with gingerbread stalls from whence brazen-faced Amazons bawled the excellency of their wares, and entreated every passer-by to suffer them to "put up a pound of these nice spice-nuts for you, my dear!" Farther on, at the end of this lane, stood Richardson's (or rather Nelson Lee's) booth, and the great attraction of the fair, Alger's Crown and Anchor dancing-booth, where in an exhilarating atmosphere of mingled dust, tobacco, and flaring naphtha lamps, drunken ladies and gentlemen, between whom a facetious interchange of head-coverings had generally taken place, joined in the uncommonly giddy mazes of the dance to the music of braying trumpets and roaring drums; while the more convivial spirits, who preferred Bacchus to Terpsichore, sat on the side-tables, waving encouragement with pepper-pots and grog-glasses, and occasionally adding point to their jokes by shrilly squeaking with penny whistles, or scratching the backs of the most proximate of their female acquaintance with those diabolical wooden instruments, known (and truly, too, though the vendors were unconscious of the sarcasm) as "all the fun of the fair." These halcyon days are, however, I am thankful to say, fled for ever; and the amusements on Monday and Tuesday were confined to donkey-riding on Blackheath and strolling in Greenwich Park. The weather, however, was so unfavourable that the majority of the visitors returned to town early in the afternoon, and swelled the crowds going to the theatres.

And first of Drury Lane, where a "scratch company" has been got together for a short season of six nights, and where the performances commenced with "Othello," the principal characters being embodied by Mr. and Mrs. Dillon, and terminated with a curious *mélange* of the late Lyceum burlesque of "Conrad and Medora," and the late Drury Lane pantomime, "See-Saw Margery Daw." At night the house was very fairly filled; but a morning performance at two o'clock was anything but successful.

The Haymarket, where the reduced prices of admission, as arranged by Mr. Buckstone, consequent upon the renewal of his lease, first came into operation on Monday, was thronged in every part. After "A Life's Trial," a novelty was produced in the shape of a burlesque by Mr. F. Talfourd, founded upon the classical story of "Atalanta." The heroine was personated by Miss M. Oliver, who last year played with success during the summer season at this house; while Miss Wilton, from the Lyceum, made her first appearance here; and a *débütante*, Miss Ellen Ternan, essayed the character of Hippomenes. Of the first two ladies it is unnecessary to speak, as their peculiar styles and talents are by this time well known to London play-goers. Miss Ternan, though suffering from extreme nervousness, showed a certain amount of dramatic capability; her fright, however, utterly marred her singing, though much allowance is to be made on account of the bad and dull character of the parodies allotted to her. The burlesque itself, though crammed with good, and, what are much more laughable, very far-fetched jokes, is much too long, is faulty in construction, and too redolent of slang and colloquialisms. The scenery and appointments are excellent.

At the Adelphi, Easter Monday was signalled by the return of Madame Celeste, who made her re-appearance in Mr. Selby's version of *Les Elfes*, and danced and acted with her wonted vivacity. The pieces of "Welcome, Little Stranger!" and "A Night at Notting Hill" were played, the one before and the other after the burlesque.

Of course, at the Princess's, "Richard the Second" remains the staple attraction, preceded by "A Game at Romps."

The Olympic bill likewise remains unchanged. A new burlesque upon the subject of "William Tell," which was produced at the Strand, was principally remarkable for its length, its ineffectiveness, and the quarrel which took place between certain of the actors and the prompter—a quarrel which involved the fall of the curtain before the conclusion of the piece.

A miscellaneous company is assembled at Sadler's Wells, where Mr. Mrs., and Cordelia Howard are playing in "The Death of Eva," Miss Woolgar in "Good for Nothing," and Mr. Lyon in "The Jew of Lubek," to the great satisfaction of the Islingtonians.

A new piece, taken from the French, and called "The Iron Arm," has been produced at the Surrey, and, being rife in the good old pantomime elements of child-stealing, deed-forging, and wine-poisoning, has met with success. A more legitimate inducement to a person of taste to visit the Surrey is the delightful singing of Miss Poole, whose rich voice has never been heard to greater effect than in the musical burlesque of "Midas."

Discarding Shakespeare for the nonce, Mr. Cooke, the lessee of Astley's, has brought out a grand military spectacle, full of battles and skirmishes marches and horsemanship, called "The French in Algiers."

** We have received a letter from Sir Charles Barry, denying in positive terms the relationship alleged to have existed between himself and the late Mr. T. Barry, of Astley's Theatre.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE was favoured with a very numerous attendance on Monday; above 11,000 persons visited the palace; and many more shillings would have been taken, had the arrangements of the railway company been at all commensurate with the demand for tickets. Thousands were turned away from the station in the course of the day. Those whose visits to the palace have been "few and far between" found many novelties. Amongst these we may enumerate the naval gallery, which contains many specimens of naval architecture, and the mammoth tree, the bark of which is erected to about one-third of the original height of the tree, in the north transept. The special entertainments of the day were entirely of a musical character, the band of the Company and the band of the Royal Artillery giving no less than four concerts, which appeared to afford great satisfaction to the auditors.

BRITISH MUSEUM AND NATIONAL GALLERY.—These places were visited by the usual crowds on holiday occasions. The many and various treasures which they contain—not the least gratifying because they are to be seen gratis—afford the means of instruction and pleasure to thousands on these festival days; and the public always show a keen appreciation of them.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION was crowded during the day with troops of visitors, who enjoyed the rich variety of entertainments presented to them. The chief amongst these was the Luminous Chromatic Cosmographic Transparencies, and a new series of dissolving views, illustrating China and the localities of the present war; and another series illustrating Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs. There was also an amusing exhibition

of ventriloquism by Mr. James; and the Hungarian band, under the leadership of M. Kalozdy.

ROYAL COLLOSSEUM.—Among other novelties introduced here was a musical and pictorial entertainment, introducing a new series of dissolving views from Nash's famous work on the "Mansions of the English Nobility." The different views as they were presented to the visitor were illustrated with songs and music by Mr. G. Buckland.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—A great many persons visited this exhibition on Monday. The picture of the entry of the Emperor of Russia into Moscow was an object of considerable attention.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION was visited by a continuous stream of holiday-makers, passing through the rooms the whole of the day. Everyone knows the peculiar delights of the place, and not to have seen "the waxwork" is to have seen nothing.

WILD'S GREAT GLOBE.—To the original idea of a vast model of the earth has been gradually added, as attention was turned to the East by the late war, a museum in accurate costumes of the different races inhabiting Turkey; Russian trophies, dresses, and arms; models of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, and Sveaborg. Another diorama, principally confined to the Russian territory, commencing with the operations of the Allied fleet in the Baltic, passing through St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod, thence into the Black Sea, and illustrating the principal actions of the late war, besides a military gallery of the various armies of Europe. These, and the panorama of the coronation of the Czar, elicited the warm applause of a numerous and highly respectable auditory on Monday evening.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.—The General had his fair share of holiday visitors on Monday at an entertainment held at the Prince of Wales Bazaar, Regent Street.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—The attendance at these gardens was numbered in thousands. Those who take an interest in such matters will be glad to learn that a fine chimpanzee has just arrived, to replace his revered predecessor, who died three or four years ago.

ROYAL CREMORNE GARDENS.—The regular attractions of Cremorne were heightened for the Easter holidays. The military band, the concerts, and the ballet were all good, and there was a very fair attendance. A dog, Lilly is her name, excited considerable astonishment by playing at whist and dominoes with several of the company, not only exhibiting great intelligence in her play, but managing to win every game. The fireworks and illuminations were necessarily postponed.

A COUPLE OF PICTURES FROM THE SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

LOUIS XVII. IN THE TEMPLE.

MR. HURLESTONE's large picture of "The Son of Louis XVI. under the tutelage of Simon," exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery, has already been cursorily alluded to in the "Illustrated Times" (see No. 101, page 203). It now becomes our duty to speak a little more fully on its merits.

The sad story of the "little captive King" has long been considered a favourite subject for illustration by our artists; but it has seldom been treated in a broader, homelier, more vigorous manner, than by the President of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Hurlestone has thrown grace, power, and dignity into his work; indeed, in one instance, almost to a fault. The figure of the poor little Dauphin, kneeling on his bed, and whispering his gentle orisons, while the brutal Simon breaks in, doubtless with a snatch from some Jacobin ode, or a fragment of a Carmagnole refrain: this figure, we repeat, is admirable—beautifully drawn, beautifully felt—and, to a certain extent, spiritualised and elevated above the squalid and debasing associations among which the inveterate enemies of his race had thrust him. But Simon, the *sans-culotte* cobbler, the monstrous tutor appointed by the Commune to educate—or rather to deprave—the descendant of St. Louis, is not, to our fancy, half villainous-looking enough. He is a villain, but of the picturesque stamp—the Conrad or Fra Diavolo pattern. We would have him lower-browed, squarer-jawed, bluer-gilled, more scowling, more brutal, more rascally in expression. The head of Simon in Mr. Hurlestone's picture might be a fine reminiscence of a *pica-dor's* head thrown off by an apt disciple of Murillo; but our ideal Simon should be painted by a scholar of Jan Steen, and should look a something between Silenus and Sam Hall.

The angelic face of the unfortunate prince, and the kindly womanly pity expressed in the features of the female figure, amply redeem the shortcomings of the cobbler. The composition of the picture is learned without being stiff, and the drawing worthy of Mr. Hurlestone's recognised position, as a painter no longer in *statu pupillari*, but a graduate in Art, and one who has taken high honours too (though we have not heard that he ever shone as a "wrangler") in the great University in which there was once a professor of painting, called Zeuxis, and of sculpture, called Praxiteles, and of which even poor, honest Dick Tinto, the sign-painter, may claim commons as a sizar.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Who would not wish to be caught by the tide, if one (being quite removed from danger of death from drowning, of course,) could be so caught in company with the delightful little beauties whom Mr. Cobbett has depicted in his admirable work engraved by us this week—beauties half frightened, half-delighted? See, here is the centre beauty, a melancholy little damsel with large eyes. She waves a signal of distress with most coquettish sadness. She knows very well that she and all her companions will be rescued in twenty minutes' time; but she likes the idea of danger: it is so romantic; she likes the idea—but simply the idea, not the actuality, mind you—of an "ocean grave;" it is so sweetly sad. Clinging to her there is a little rosy-cheeked lassie, who is really frightened, and is fit to cry; but, bless you, she will be a Catherine-wheel of smiles directly, and when rescued, her only fear will be lest the same disaster should happen to her as to the heroine of the nursery poem, "Miss Polly Flinders," who, it will be remembered, "sat among the cinders," and was signally and summarily chastised by her mamma for spoiling her "nice new clothes." The third figure in the picture is a young lady, old enough to know better, but who evidently thinks the whole affair a capital joke.

Artistically speaking, Mr. Cobbett has added considerably to his reputation by the production of this picture, which was much and most favourably noticed, both by artists and amateurs, at the opening of the Suffolk Street Exhibition. The figures are happily conceived, and skilfully executed; and there is a charmingly fresh "business" in the sea, and on the wet rocks, and on the damp garments of the fair Iphigenias. The very atmosphere seems impregnated with saline crystals, and the whole picture shows an accurate knowledge of the ever-changing moods of "Ocean, the mighty monster."

GIBSON'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

AMONG the works of art which have recently made their appearance in the new Palace at Westminster, one of the most important is the beautiful group represented by the engraving on another page. This group, the work of Mr. Gibson (the pupil of Canova and Thorwaldsen), has been placed in that part of the new House of Lords, known as the "Prince's Chamber," and represents the Queen seated on a throne, holding a sceptre in one hand, and a laurel crown in the other, as indicative of her power to rule and reward. On the right of her Majesty appears the figure of Justice, holding the sword and balance, and with the image of Truth suspended from her neck. On the left hand stands Clemency, with her sword sheathed, and holding an olive branch in token of peace.

In front of the pedestal is a bas-relief of Commerce. On the right side, Science is designated by a youth pondering over geometry. On the left is a figure to represent the useful arts; and in the background appear the steam-engine, telegraph wires, and other objects which remind us of the progress of the age.

The back of the throne is surmounted by the figures of lions, intended to typify the courage and strength which Englishmen are wont to display; and the footstool is ornamented with sea-horses, to remind beholders of our dominion over the sea.

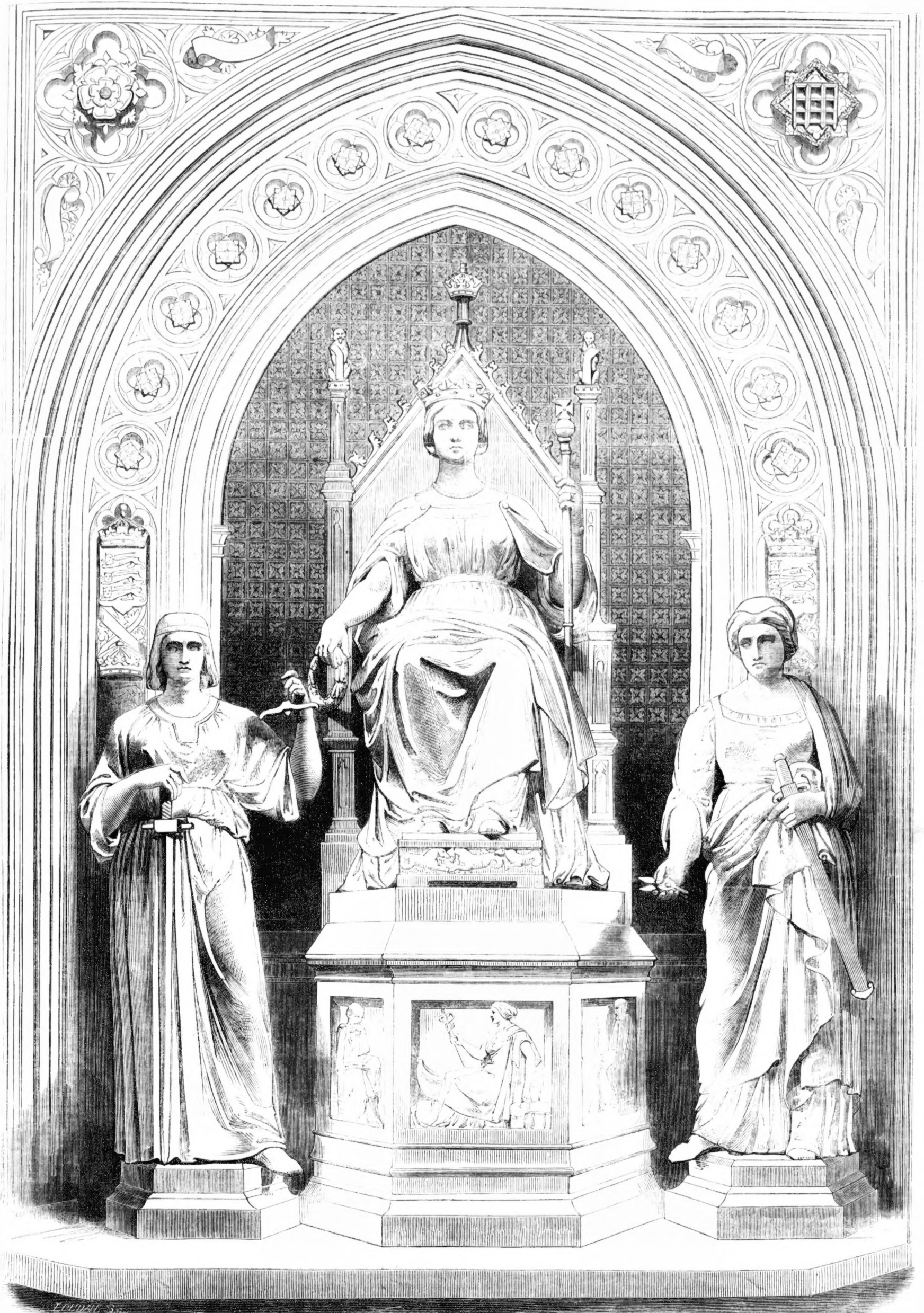
The background of the arch under which the group is placed, is richly gilded and variegated with draped work, and the appearance of the statue of Victoria is in every respect imposing.



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.—(PAINTED BY COBBETT, FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)



LOUIS XVII. IN THE TEMPLE.—(PAINTED BY HUBSTONE, FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)



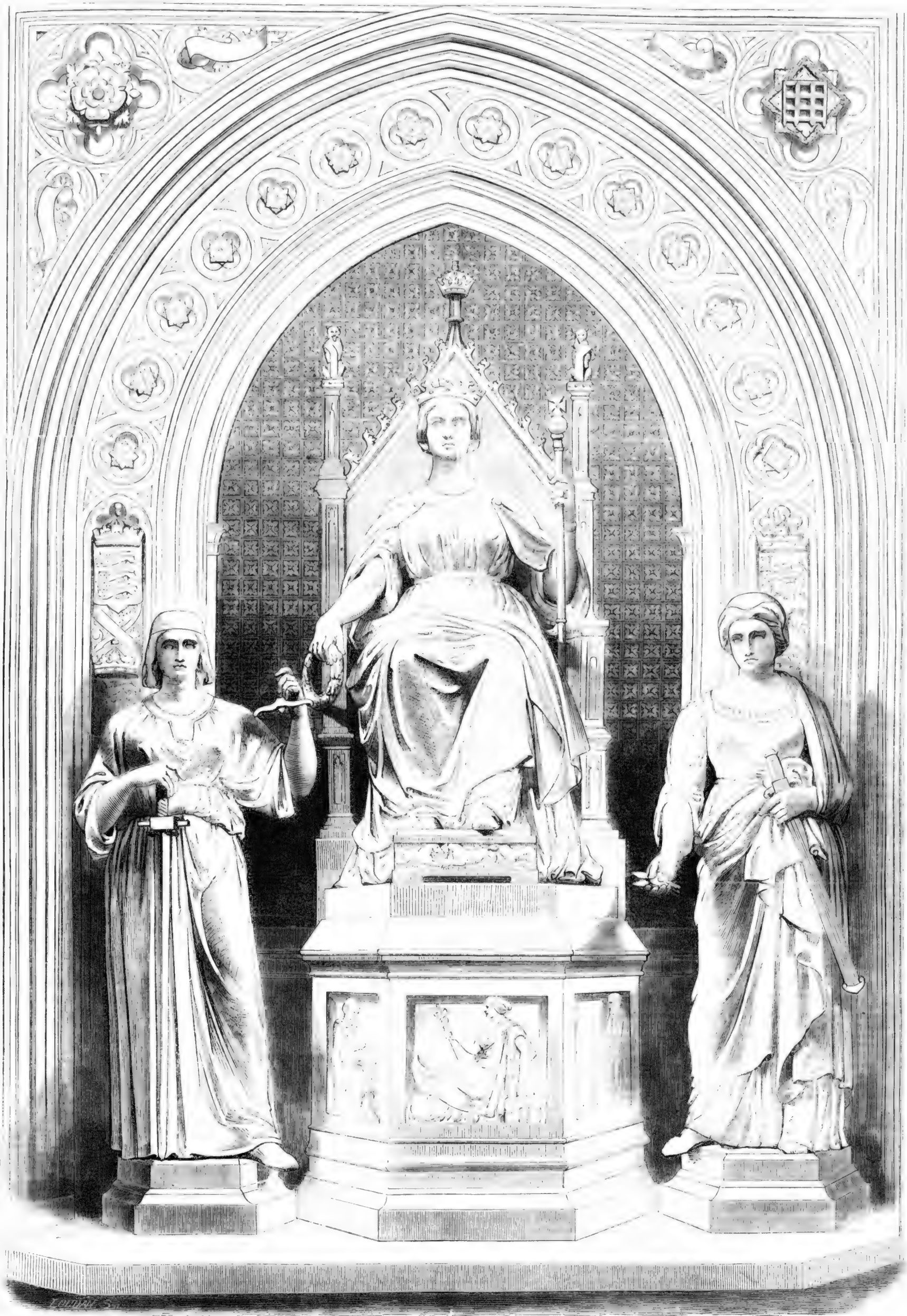
QUEEN VICTORIA SUPPORTED BY JUSTICE AND CLEMENCY: PRINCE'S CHAMBER, HOUSE OF LORDS.—(SCULPTURED BY JOHN GIBSON, R.A.—SEE PAGE 247.)



CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.—(PAINTED BY COBBETT, FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)



LOUIS XVII. IN THE TEMPLE.—(PAINTED BY HURLSTONE, FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)



QUEEN VICTORIA SUPPORTED BY JUSTICE AND CLEMENCY: PRINCE'S CHAMBER, HOUSE OF LORDS.—(SCULPTURED BY JOHN GIBSON, R.A.—SEE PAGE 248.)

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 38.

By the Reform Act of 1832, it was settled that the British House of Commons should consist of 658 Members, viz.:

For England and Wales...	Knights of the Shire	159
"	Citizens and Burgesses	311
		600
For Scotland	Knights of the Shire	50
"	Citizens and Burgesses	24
		53
For Ireland	Knights of the Shire	64
"	Citizens and Burgesses	41
		105
		658

But there are now only 654, as the Boroughs of Sudbury in Suffolk, and St. Alban's in Hertfordshire, which each returned two members, were disfranchised, as a punishment for the incorrigible bribery which had long prevailed in these places. There never has been an occasion on which the whole of the 658 members have been present. It is a very rare thing to see 500 collected; four hundred is considered a tolerably large gathering, and if the numbers were taken every hour during the sitting of Parliament they would not perhaps average more than 100. The largest gathering occurred in February, 1835, when the Speakership was contested by the former Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, and the Hon. Mr. Abercrombie, when there were for Mr. Abercrombie, 316; and for Sir Charles Manners Sutton, 306; total, 622. But this was a time of great excitement. Sir Charles M. Sutton had been the Speaker since the year 1817, and would have been allowed to continue in office until he wished to resign; but he was suspected of having intrigued to secure the dismissal of the Whigs, and of advising the dissolution of Parliament, and the Whigs took the opportunity to punish him for his interference, and try their strength with Sir Robert Peel's Government. There is, however, always a large gathering of Members at a contested election for the Speakership. When the late Speaker was elected, there were 616; and if the Conservatives should put up a gentleman against Mr. Evelyn Denison, who, it is said, will be the Government candidate, we may expect 600 Members out of the 654.

FIRST BUSINESS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first business of the new House of Commons, when it assembles on the 30th of the present month, will be to go to the bar of the Lords, to get themselves "constituted." The members will be summoned in the usual way by the Black Rod, and will be accompanied by the Serjeant-at-Arms, who will, however, carry the mace across his arm, and not over his shoulder. When they arrive at the Lords, the Lord Chancellor, as chief of the three commissioners appointed under the great seal for the purpose of opening Parliament, will address the assembled Commons in the following words:—"Her Majesty will, as soon as the members of both Houses shall be sworn, declare the causes of her calling this Parliament; and it being necessary that a Speaker of the House of Commons should be first chosen, you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, will repair to the place where you are to sit, and then proceed to the appointment of some proper person to be your Speaker; and you will present such person whom you shall choose here to-morrow for her Majesty's Royal approbation."

ELECTION OF SPEAKER.

The Commons will then retire as they went, and at once proceed to choose a Speaker. The president for the occasion will be Sir Denis Le Marchant, "the clerk of the House of Commons," or, as he signs himself, the "Cler. Dom. Com.," who will not, however, take the chair, but stand in his usual place at the table, and if any debate arise he will not call the Member by name who first catches his eye, but point to him with his finger. Sir Denis Le Marchant having informed the House that "the Commons have been commanded to choose a Speaker," the candidates will be nominated by a mover and seconder. If there should be two candidates the nomination of the second will be put to the House as an amendment, and the question will be put, and the division taken in the usual form. At the close of the election the successful candidate will be conducted to the chair by his proposer and seconder, and standing on the upper step he will thank the House for the honour conferred upon him; and then take the chair, when some eminent Members of his party will congratulate him on the attainment of this high position. But at present he is only the Speaker elect. On the following day he will present himself at the Bar of the House of Lords, and inform the Lords Commissioners that the choice of the House has fallen upon him, and will make a speech somewhat in the "Nolo Episcopari" style.

In bygone times, it used to be the regular custom for the Speaker elect, while settling forth the arduous nature of the office, and his own disqualifications, formally to pray to be excused; and there is one case on record in which the Sovereign took the gentleman at his word, and sent the Commons back to elect another Speaker. Sir John Popham was the Speaker in question, and Henry VI. the King. In 1678, there was also a collision between the Crown and the Commons on the subject of the choice of a Speaker. King Charles II. wanted some tool of his own to be chosen; but the Commons asserted their independence, and elected Sir Edward Seymour. And as it was known that, on his presentation at the bar of the Lords, his "excuse" would be received, he was instructed by the House not to make one, but merely to announce that he had been elected *nem. con.* And this he did, and instead of "I pray you have me excused," he concluded his speech with these words:—"And now I am come hither for your Majesty's approbation, which if your Majesty will be pleased to grant, I shall do them (the Commons) and you the best service that I can." This unexpected harangue confounded the Lord Chancellor, who had got a nice little speech prepared for the occasion, which was rendered useless. However, after some thought and consultation had with his brother commissioners, he told Mr. Speaker elect that the King reserved him for "other services," and commanded the House to choose another. But the House persisted in his choice, and the matter was not settled without a prorogation, which led to a compromise. This Sir Edward Seymour was of the ducal House of Somerset, and is said by historians to have been the proudest, if not the most arrogant, man that ever lived; and the following anecdotes seem to prove the allegation. On one occasion, when Speaker, he ordered a Serjeant Pemberton to be taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms for not paying him sufficient respect on passing through Westminster Hall. On another, when his carriage broke down at Charing Cross, he seized the carriage of a private gentleman then passing, and turning the occupant out, took his place; and when the gentleman expressed his surprise at such conduct, Sir Edward replied, "Sir, it is more proper for you to walk in the streets than for the Speaker of the House of Commons to do so."

The Speaker elect no longer prays to be excused; he now merely expresses his sense of the arduous duties of his office, and adds, "that if it should be her Majesty's pleasure to disapprove of this choice, her Majesty's faithful Commons will at once select some other member of their House better qualified to fill the station than himself." There are only two instances on record in which the form of having permission to elect a Speaker, and that of receiving the approbation of the election, have not been observed. The first is the election of Sir Habbottle Grimston, the Speaker of the Convention Parliament, which met in 1660, at the Restoration; and the second is the election of Mr. Powle, in 1688, at the Revolution. After the Speaker shall have received the Royal approbation, he will formally lay claim, on behalf of the Commons, "by humble petition to her Majesty, to use their ancient undoubted rights and privileges," and these having been confirmed, the Commons will return to the House, the constitution of which being now complete Mr. Serjeant-at-Arms will shoulder his mace, and no longer carry it on his arm.

THE SWEARING OF THE MEMBERS.

Immediately on the return of the Members to their House, the Speaker will take the oaths; and then the Members will be sworn in batches, until all shall be sworn. This business will take three or four days, the House meeting for the purpose at two and adjourning at four. After the completion of the swearing, the House will go again to the Lords to hear the Royal Speech; and, on its return, a Bill will be read, "for form's sake," before the Royal Speech shall be taken into consideration. This is done to assert the right of the House not to be obliged to give precedence to the matters recommended in the Speech. The Royal Speech will then be considered, and an Address will be moved in the usual manner. In short, the new House will then be in full sail.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE world patron, in its relation to literature, received its mortal blow from Dr. Johnson, and with it fell the system under which it had grown into ordinary use. Mr. Linklater and the Court of Bankruptcy are giving the public a lexicographical lesson as to the true meaning of the title Director, with respect to public companies. The public have had laid before them the examination of three of the principals in the Royal British Bank transactions, and the three men primarily brought forward are the complete representative men of this and similar schemes. Messrs. Pellatt, Edsall, and Stapleton are the three voices of the Active, Passive, and Neuter. Mr. Edsall exerts himself in procuring new shareholders and capital for the already insolvent concern; Mr. Pellatt sees the turn things are taking, and prudently withdraws, but breaks no confidence even to expose the swindle; Mr. Stapleton attends the meetings of the directors of the bank, but retains his mind "a perfect blank" upon their most important transactions, happening usually to be "on feed" just at the time when the villany is being carried out. One can see at a glance why Mr. Stapleton was made a director. He is the Honourable Mr. Stapleton—he is also an M.P.; consequently his name would look well on a prospectus, and that was all required of him. Perhaps he possessed also the additional qualification of not having his eyes about him, as the common phrase runs. It is probable, nevertheless, as the luncheon at the Royal British Bank has acquired celebrity as much for their gastronomical character as their historical importance, that the Hon. Mr. Stapleton seldom omitted to bring his appetite with him when called upon to assist in the management of the bank. Nor is the Honourable Gentleman to be blamed either for his extensive digestion or his limited vision, both which are probably physical facts beyond his control. The fault is not in his having failed to exercise gifts to which, perhaps, he could not lay claim, namely, those of astuteness and vigilance; but that, having the advantage of birth, position, and influence, he allowed these to be secured by crafty knaves, and prostituted to their purposes of self-aggrandisement through a wholesale plunder of the general public. The "Times" significantly mentions that Mr. Stapleton is now M.P. for Berwick, but as he happens also to be a shareholder in the bank, and therefore liable for its debts, it can scarcely be expected that his delicacy of feeling will induce him to resign the privilege which protects him from the alternative of imprisonment or voluntary exile.

The Magistrates at Croydon have caused the bread sold in that town to be analysed, and several of the bakers, in whose wares alum has been discovered, have been summoned. The adulteration was proved by Dr. Normandy, and the defendant in each case was fined £10 and costs. They all gave notice of appeal, a process which cannot but lead to satisfactory results, inasmuch as if they should be really innocent the convictions will be quashed; while, if they have committed the offence, the costs of the appeal superadded to the fine will be a warning to them for a considerable period. The magistrates have announced their intention of adopting a similar course with respect to other adulterations of food and drink sold in Croydon—a most praiseworthy effort, and well calculated materially to improve the commerce of the town. It will indeed be a gratifying fact if the necessities of life may be procured in a genuine and wholesome state within ten miles of London, and by direct railway communication.

An extraordinary case was partially investigated on Monday last at the Mansion House. It may be remembered that some months since several large packages, supposed to contain a consignment of boots and shoes from a respectable house in London, were opened on their arrival in Australia, and found to contain only rubbish and cinders. The matter appears to have remained a mystery until lately, when four men, one of them being the carman employed to transmit the goods to the wharf for embarkation, were informed upon as having been concerned in the robbery, and apprehended. The evidence adduced on Monday was that of a person who appears to have been cognizant of the entire proceeding. This witness admitted upon cross-examination that he had been dismissed from the service of a Mr. Moses, upon suspicion of being implicated in another robbery from his employer. He lives with the sister-in-law of one of the prisoners, and had quarrelled with them in consequence of their having refused to share with him the produce of some of Mr. Moses' goods. A fifth prisoner was taken into custody during the hearing of the cases, and he caused some sensation in the court by a cross-examination of the witness. From him the prisoner elicited that he (the witness) had had dealings with the constable having the conduct of the case. The witness alleged that he had purchased of the policeman a telescope, and had endeavoured to sell him a silver snuff-box for 25s., for which the constable offered him 22s. 6d. Here the examination was interrupted by the policeman exclaiming "Stop, stop—I shall want you to prove this." The prisoner then, addressing the magistrate, declared that the officer was the "private constable" of the witness, his constant companion at fairs, dog-fights, and prize-fights, and that the two played into each other's hands. It came out that the information had been given to this officer by the witness, and here for the present the case rests. Such a charge as that of habitual traffic with a thief for the sale and purchase of valuable articles, is too serious to be allowed to be overlooked as a mere incident in a case under examination. Whether true or not, public policy demands, upon such *prima facie* confirmation as that of a friendly witness upon oath, that the matter should be inquired into with the utmost rigour, even if only to afford a public servant an opportunity of proving his innocence.

On Saturday last, Mr. James Bocking, described as a tradesman in good business, was charged at Worship Street with being drunk and assaulting the police. Hilton, K division, swore that at one o'clock in the morning defendant and others were fighting in the streets; and that, upon Hilton's interfering, the defendant struck him several times, abusing him meanwhile, and demanding to know where he was when his (Mr. Bocking's) gates were broken open; that witness only released himself by striking the assailant with his truncheon. On the other side, two witnesses, one a neighbouring tradesman, the other a servant of the defendant, swore that two other persons were quarrelling, and that defendant interposed; that the constable appeared and ordered defendant home; that defendant then went inside his own gates, and said, "I am going home; but where were you when my gates were broken open?" that thereupon the policeman rushed into defendant's premises, struck him a blow over the eye, cutting the flesh open, dragged him out, and finally took him into custody. On this evidence, Mr. Hamill said that he considered that most unwarrantable violence had been used upon the defendant, whom he at once discharged. But the magistrate is not reported to have made any remark upon the character of the policeman's evidence, so completely at variance with the facts deposed to by the witnesses. It is somewhat strange that, in cases where the testimony of a policeman is distinctly contradicted by several witnesses before a magistrate, who decides ultimately upon the facts as stated by the civilians, reference is rarely if ever made to the possibility of the commission and punishment of the crime of perjury.

One of those horrible cases which form a distinct class of crime, scarcely recognised or provided against by our laws, was brought before the Derby magistrates a few days since. A father, who is alleged to have caused the death of his wife by unpardonable neglect, was charged with inhuman treatment of his daughter, a child of nine years of age. The little girl was found, semi-idiotic from the results of ill-usage and brutality, her body stiff with cold, wasted with hunger, and covered from head to foot with ulcerous sores, lying screaming on the hearth upon red-hot cinders, upon which she had fallen without the power of raising herself. It was proved that her father had repeatedly beaten her until the blood flowed from her, and with disgusting oaths ordered her to die. Her restoration to health is said to be doubtful, and the future use of her limbs impossible. All that the law could do, apparently, was to sentence the parent to six months' hard labour, and then to find securities for his good behaviour for six months longer. As he will probably not find the required securities, this may be taken as a further sentence of six months' imprisonment. Scarcely a week passes without a case of this kind being brought before the public. The punishment, it will be seen, was founded, not upon the neglect, but on the assault with aggravation of the circumstances. Surely the law is not too old to take cognizance of the fact that there is a kind of cruelty far more wicked and terrible than that of the infliction of wounds and bruises, which operates by means of wilful and criminal neglect, and to which the severance of a windpipe, or the bludgeoning of the innocent to death, is an act of comparative mercy.

MURDERS.

SHOCKING MURDER BY A YOUTH.—John Hart, aged thirteen years, was of a gamekeeper at Chereley, was talking to a boy named Tweed, who was jing birds, when the latter asked the former for a gun-cap. Hart gave him one on condition that he should repeat some verses; but after he had got the cap Tweed refused to do so, upon which Hart began kicking about a fire which Tweed had made. Tweed threatened to shoot him if he did not do so. Hart continued to do so, and Tweed took Hart's gun, cocked it, and deliberately aimed, and discharged the contents into the head of the unfortunate lad, who instantly dropped dead at his feet. As soon as Tweed found that he had killed the lad, he became almost frantic, and continued in a most excited state for several hours. Tweed has been committed for manslaughter.

CHILD POISONING.—Bridget Cochrane is lodged in Kirkdale Jail, to await her trial on the charge of poisoning her two children. They seem to have been killed with oxalic acid; and were afterwards laid upon some shavings, the first one being that the mother intended to set fire to these shavings, and destroy the evidence of her guilt. The prisoner had had another child, who was burned to death under suspicious circumstances.

ANOTHER MURDER AT LIVERPOOL.—An inquest was held on Thursday week on the body of John Kiduff, a dock labourer, who died in the Southern Hospital, from a fracture on the skull. From the evidence of the widow of the deceased, it appeared that a man named Patrick Kilroy resided in their house, and some arrears of rent being due, were demanded of him. Kilroy was offended, and was heard to say he would have blood before twelve o'clock that day. While Kiduff was preparing for bed, Kilroy and another man came to his door, and made use of an opprobrious epithet. Kiduff went to the door, and was felled by Kilroy with a piece of timber five feet long. He died from the effects of the blow. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder.

CHILD MURDER AT BRISTOL.—A young woman named Ann Williams, living at Crossways, near Berkeley, had given birth to a child, and was suspected of having secretly got it out of the way. Superintendent Reid, of the county constabulary, proceeded to the woman's cottage. Having with difficulty obtained admission, he found on the premises a bill-book and board, both stained with blood. The woman said that the child's father—a man named Harris—had taken it away. This man denied the woman's statements; but on his garden being dug to a considerable depth, a box was found, containing the mutilated remains of a female child. Both Williams and Harris were arrested.

POLICE.

WHOLESALE ROBBERY.—Robert Collins, George Boyce, George Pickering, McCarthy, and Francis John Mayberry, were charged at the Mansion House with stealing seventeen cases of boots and shoes, the property of Mr. Louis Isenburgh, of 21, Leadenhall Street.

Mr. Isenburgh, who is a wholesale boot and shoe manufacturer, consigned, or rather intended to consign, to Melbourne, very large quantities of boots and shoes in the course of last year, and Mayberry is one of the prisoners to whom was entrusted the boxes containing them to take to the docks. Instead of taking them there for shipment, they were conveyed, it seems, elsewhere, where their contents were abstracted, cinders and dust being substituted in their place. The fraud was not discovered till the arrival of the boxes in Melbourne, when they were opened by the person to whom they had been consigned.

It was shown that the cases were delivered to Mayberry, whose duty it was to take them to the docks, and that they did not reach the docks on the same day, as they should have done in the ordinary course of business. Timothy Desmond, who seems to have been associated in other robberies with the prisoners, gave evidence against them. He said that a large quantity of boots had been trafficked in by the prisoners. He had quarrelled with them because they refused to pay him his share of some of the produce of some goods stolen from Messrs. Mossons Tower Hill. The prisoners were remanded.

WIFE BEATING.—George Morris, aged 47, a low powerful-looking fellow, a cooper-smith, residing at Agar Town, St. Pancras, was placed at the bar at Clerkenwell, charged with having violently assaulted his wife. It appeared that the prisoner squandered his wages in drink and debauchery, neglected his wife, and very seldom contributed to her support. One night lately, and at a quarter past twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, he came home, when his wife asked him to give her some money to buy some food and candle. The prisoner commenced a savage attack upon her, beating her until she became helpless and almost insensible. Her son (a boy of 14) went for a police constable, who took the prisoner to the station-house, where the wife was scarcely able to walk, and had to be supported. James Morris, the prisoner's son, gave evidence confirmatory of the prisoner's violence towards his mother. Sergeant McMillan, of the S division, said he took the charge against the prisoner, and his wife at the time was in a deplorable state, and could scarcely speak. He produced a medical certificate describing her injuries. The prisoner did not deny the assault, saying that his wife abused him and called him names. The magistrate remanded the prisoner till the fate of the woman should be made known. The prisoner was then conveyed to prison.

A RESPECTABLE THIEF.—Mr. John Morse, a person carrying on an extensive business as a furniture broker and salesman in the Commercial Road, Peckham, has been examined at the Lambeth Police-court, on a charge of stealing a cruet-stand and some bottles from a shop in High Street, Peckham. The property was only worth about five shillings, and he was observed to take it from the front of the shop, and walk quietly away. He was committed for trial.

WORKING ON SUNDAY.—George Hollis, described as a gasfitter and painter, was charged at Worship Street with stabbing his wife. Hollis, it appears, had given his wife a pair of trousers to make on Sunday week, and she began to make them. Presently, piqued by some act of familiarity on the husband's part toward her sister-in-law, who was changing her frock, she suddenly stopped her work and declared she would do no more, for it was unlucky to work on a Sunday. This threw Hollis in a passion; and his wife still refusing to do the work, he took a clasp knife from his pocket, and stabbed her on the shoulder. The woman wept bitterly while giving her evidence, and declared she had aggravated her husband, and that she was sure he was sorry for it. The prisoner put on question and made no defence. He was remanded for the completion of the depositions.

ASSAULT BY A CHINESE MENDICANT.—A Chinese beggar named Apoo, well known in the streets of the metropolis, has been sentenced to pay a fine of £5, or, in default, a month's imprisonment, for assaulting and wounding a Frenchman named Hammus. Both parties lived in a low lodging-house in Whitechapel. The Chinaman was just commencing a meal of bread and eggs, when the Frenchman entered the room common to both, and took up one of Apoo's eggs, observing what a nice one it was, and asking him what he gave for it. The Chinaman, who had just cracked the shell of another egg, became enraged that his food was touched, threw the egg he held in his hand in the complainant's face, rushed to the fireplace, and seized the tongs, with which he struck the Frenchman on the shoulders, and then cut him with his knife. Fortunately the wound was only a superficial one.

JEALOUSY.—At Birmingham, Mr. George Thomas has been fined 40s. and costs, for assaulting a young lady, named Perry. It appeared that they were engaged to be married, but that Miss Perry afterwards preferred a person named M.P.; she was walking home from church one Sunday, when Thomas, actuated by jealousy, seized and struck them both, and flung an egg in the lady's face.

ROYAL BRITISH BANK.

EXAMINATION OF MR. STAPLETON.

MR. STAPLETON, the newly elected member for Berwick, and late a director of the Royal British Bank, has been examined at the Court of Bankruptcy. He said he became a director in August, 1855. He then made inquiry into the condition of the bank; Mr. Cameron said it was virtually paying 12 per cent.—6 to the shareholders, and 6 to the reserved fund. Did not know at that time that Cameron, nor Mr. H. Brown, nor Mullins, were indebted to the bank; did not hear of the Welch Works. Knew nothing of the affairs of the bank, and felt no uneasiness about them till about October, 1855. His attention was called to Humphrey Brown's account and the Welch Works, in November or December. The state of Cameron's account he did not know for some time after. He (Mr. Stapleton) was dissatisfied, and suggested the appointment of a committee. A committee was appointed, of which he was a member; a resolution was passed, stating that the securities held for Mr. H. Brown were insufficient, and requiring that further security should be taken, and that the ships already held as security should be sold on their arrival in England. He (Mr. Stapleton) proposed that resolution. No further security, however, was obtained. Mr. Brown offered to make over all his property to the bank except his household furniture, if the directors would pay all his debts. As they could not ascertain the amount, they declined to make so blind a bargain. On the 22nd of January, the general manager submitted a revised draft of the abstract balance-sheet, which was further considered. On the 29th the report was read, settled, and ordered to be printed, and it was resolved that a dividend of six per cent. per annum should be declared for the past six months. The report stated that the dividend was declared after a provision had been made for bad debts. He (Mr. Stapleton) did not recollect that he made any alteration in this report when proposed. He agreed to it. It was after he became deputy-governor (on the 8th of February) that he knew of Cameron's account. Found that the manager owed between £20,000 and £30,000, with very inadequate security—not worth more than £1,000, perhaps. He (Mr. Stapleton) has expressed his opinion of that state of things to the other directors, with indignation. From the earliest moment that he was deputy-governor, Cameron received intimation, if not of his dismissal, that he must discontinue drawing any more money from the bank. The directors gave him written notice to that effect. In his position of deputy-governor, he (Mr. S.) got access to a green ledger, and here he found entries of the bad accounts, Mr. Cameron's, Mr. McGregor's, &c.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERAS.

BOTH the Italian Operas opened on Tuesday evening, both were crowded, and let us hope that both will be successful; for really now that the more intelligent portion of the public have given up attending representations of the spoken drama—and with sufficient reason—we cannot understand why in such a rich metropolis as London, two excellent operatic establishments should not flourish simultaneously for four months in the year. Without going fully into the question of the comparative merits of the operas and the other theatres of London, we will simply put it to the reader whether, since Mr. Macready had Covent Garden, any English tragedy, comedy, or melodrama, has ever been produced with as much excellence and completeness as either "La Favorita" as it was given last Tuesday at her Majesty's Theatre, or "I Puritani" as it was performed on the same evening at the Lyceum.

It will be remembered—though it is now fast becoming ancient history—that when the Royal Italian Opera was first originated, the advantage or disadvantage of novelty appeared to be on its side. It was supported by the reformers of the musical world, while all the conservative interest was with the old opera-house in the Haymarket. Now, however, as in politics, parties have become changed. "Consolidations" have taken place; Alboni, who was discovered by the innovators, has joined the old establishment, and other singers, such as Lablache and Gardoni, whose fidelity to her Majesty's Theatre was considered unassailable, have nevertheless come over to the opposition. At the present time, if novelty be the desideratum, it is certainly the special attraction of Mr. Lumley's opera; while, if the conservative sympathies of the public be appealed to, they should rather be bestowed on the theatre which includes in its company such veterans as Grisi, Lablache, and Mario, for unfortunately even Mario himself does not grow young. For our own part, we are in favour of novelty, whenever the new singers are good, and we shall have a feeling of conservatism just as long as the old favourites have something in their voices to conserve.

"La Favorita," on Tuesday evening, introduced us to a new soprano, Madame Spezia; a new tenor, Signor Giuglini; and a new bass, Signor Violelli. It has been considered necessary of late years, whenever a new singer is to appear, to "prepare" his or her *entrée* by circulating certain stories about them, which, though for the most part bearing in no way upon their artistic merits, have, nevertheless, the effect of exciting interest on their behalf. These stories are pretty much the same all over Europe. The soprano is a young lady of noble parentage, who has been driven to the stage by an uncontrollable impulse. She has lost the regard of her family and a large inheritance, but on the other hand she has two octaves of voice, and the prospect of a brilliant reputation. The tenor is an Italian Count, who has just killed his rival in a duel; or, a Russian serf of miraculous refinement, who has just escaped from his *seigneur*. The baritone has just gambled away his estates; and the bass was once a novice in a monastery, who, after forming his style in the choir of the convent chapel, spurned the tonsure and the cowl, and rushed frantically to the footlights. Of Madame Spezia, who comes before us without the anecdote *de rigueur*, we must speak of as being a most accomplished actress and a singer of no ordinary power. The compass of her voice is unusually extensive, and her execution is marked by great brilliancy, her principal defect being a certain nasality of tone, which, as the French are so fond of every thing which is peculiar to them, will probably be appreciated when the vocalist visits Paris. The tenor, Giuglini, achieved the great success of the evening. Weak, if not feeble, in the first act, he warmed up in the scene where Fernando is insulted by the courtiers; and in the solo of the last act and the final duet with Leonora, sang not only from the chest, but from the heart. Baldassare the priest, introduced by the authors and the composer for the sake of morality and the concerted music, was efficiently represented by Violelli the new *basso profondo*. The opera, which was not given in its entirety, was followed by the charming ballet of "Esmeralda," in which Mademoiselle Poehini produced the greatest enthusiasm by her performance of the part made celebrated by Elslser and Carlotta Grisi.

The performances of the Royal Italian Opera commenced with "I Puritani" at the Lyceum, which the directors have secured for another season. In the official programme they express a certain regret at not having been able to make a satisfactory arrangement with the lessee of Drury Lane, as they would in that case have been able to accommodate a larger number of visitors; but they, at the same time, congratulate themselves on having been compelled to content themselves with the Lyceum, inasmuch as they are now in a position to ensure an unprecedented "selectness" in the audience—an aim which, in a financial point of view, must certainly be a most dangerous one to overshoot.

The company is rich in the scarce article of tenors, for it includes Mario and Gardoni, while an engagement, we are told, is to be offered to Tambrlik; we shall not break our heart if he declines it. Grisi and Bosio will re-appear as usual, as will also Graziana, the best singing, and Ronconi, the best acting, baritone of the present day. Didide is again the contralto; and the company will have additional strength, or, at all events, weight, given to it by the accession of Lablache, who, in the year 1857, can scarcely be expected to be improving. The name of Lablache reminds us that Marai, who has been playing Norina to his Don Pasquale with great success in Moscow and St. Petersburg, is also engaged. "La Traviata," which it may be remembered, was announced for last season, is now to be produced, with Bosio, Mario, and Graziana in the principal characters. Bosio has been playing her part at short intervals throughout the whole of the Russian season, beginning in August at the ancient capital, and ending in February at the modern one. Her singing was exquisite, her acting subdued, but deeply pathetic, and her success as brilliant as any we ever witnessed. Mario has been singing his music in the same opera with equal effect in Paris. Thus, the fortunes of Calzolari and Piccolomini, which were united last season in "La Traviata" at her Majesty's Theatre, were separated at its close. Piccolomini crossed the channel to sing with Mario, while Calzolari went with Bosio to the other side of Europe. This season Mario and Bosio will appear in "La Traviata" for the first time together. Another novelty at the Lyceum will be an Italian version of Auber's "Fra Diavolo." The spoken dialogue is to be replaced by recitative, from the pen of the composer himself, who has undertaken a difficult task, such a one as Meyerbeer can scarcely be said to have succeeded in when he re-arranged "L'Etoile du Nord" for Covent Garden—the added recitatives being of necessity over long, and sometimes (in the third act, for instance) lengthy even to weariness.

On the opening night, the characters in "I Puritani" were supported by Grisi, Gardoni, Graziani, and Tagliafico. The chief alteration in the cast from that of last year was the substitution of Signor Tagliafico for Herr Formes in the part of Georgio. Grisi, as Elvira, sang with her wonted brilliancy. The voices of Gardoni and Graziani showed some evidences of being affected by the detestable easterly winds of our variable climate.

The band and chorus were in fine condition, and so soon almost as Signor Costa's hand was raised it was evident that the ancient excellence of the orchestra led by him continued undiminished. The performances concluded with a *décoré*, entitled "Les Abeilles," which introduced a new *dansée* in the person of Mdlle. Delachaux, who acquitted herself with considerable taste and spirit.

At both houses the National Anthem was sung on the termination of the opera.

EXPLOSION AT THE HOUNSLOW POWDER-MILLS.—Some four or five hands, principally youths, were engaged in what is technically termed the composition mill, a building not more than thirty feet long, which contained a great quantity of saltpetre, sulphur, and other articles used in making gunpowder. Three of the hands employed in the mill had their attention directed to a blue light flickering slowly around the place. An instant cry of "Fire!" and "Run for your lives!" was raised. In a few moments the whole of the stock in the place exploded, blowing the roof away. A lad named Warwick was struck on the head and severely injured by a falling beam; no other casualty occurred. The fire was soon subdued, but not until the mill in which the disaster commenced was burnt down and its contents consumed, the loss of which is not very considerable; but the contents of the two other mills were riddled, and the machinery severely injured; therefore the total loss will be something serious.

LORD COWLEY has been created Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, under the title of Viscount Dangan, in the County of Meath, and Earl Cowley.

Literature.

Two Years Ago. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.S.A., F.L.S. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

READERS must find it a somewhat difficult task to keep pace with Mr. Kingsley's marvellous productive powers, yet we firmly believe that the supply might be doubled without overshooting the demand that will always exist for this author's writings. It seems but a short time since the publication of "The Saint's Tragedy" and "Alton Locke," proclaimed the advent of a fresh and vigorous thinker in the world of letters—and lo! we have now to chronicle the appearance of his fourteenth work. Mr. Kingsley's intellect is as versatile as it is powerful, and has enriched our literature in the departments of Poetry, Fiction, History, Philosophy, and Science. Notwithstanding the great dissimilarity of the subjects that have been elucidated by him, Mr. Kingsley is never superficial, but he proves that a man may (like the Admirable Crichton, and the still more admirable Leonardo da Vinci) be a Jack-of-all-trades, and yet escape the uncharitable predicate of being master of none.

The works of Mr. Kingsley have all of them a beautiful and genial tone, that is very acceptable in these puzzling times of conflicting beliefs. Their author "knows what he thinks"—his opinions are very comfortably settled—he believes the world to be much better than it might be, and finds a vast amount of heroism, chivalry, and devotion in it. As you read his books you catch a portion of the strong man's spirit, and feel more a case with yourself and your neighbours than you are wont to do. If we can know anything of the personality of an author through his works, we can picture Mr. Kingsley as a strong healthy man, with a well developed brain, in which the sentiments and reasoning faculties are carefully balanced, a lover of physical and mental exercise, and the possessor of a good digestion.

"Two Years Ago" will hardly increase Mr. Kingsley's popularity, as its merits are not to be compared with those of his former novels. As an attempt to portray modern life it has signally failed, and instead of presenting us with types of existing classes, we are introduced to a large number of male and female heroic beings, whose strong passions and untameable emotions grate discordantly upon the ear.

This failure has arisen through excess of force. Mr. Kingsley forgets that there have been no events within the last two years to call forth such heroism as is displayed by Headley, by Grace, and by Marie, even if we include the cholera and the Russian war. The Board of Health and the War Office took the work out of the hands of private heroes to a greater extent than Mr. Kingsley would seem to imagine. In "Hypatia" the state of things was widely different. The breaking up of an old civilisation, the depredations of the Goths, the dawning of a new religion—these were the kind of events that tended to call forth such characters as Hypatia, Philammon, and Raphael as a natural result. There was also a certain earnestness about the Charisma that formed the character of Alton Locke, which rendered the tailor-poet a real and life-like individual—an earnestness that have saved the book even had Sandy Mackaye never been created.

In "Two Years Ago" Mr. Kingsley fights, like Don Quixote, against windmills, flocks of sheep, and other mild and harmless opponents, and we are obliged to lament, that so much power and earnestness should be so unprofitably wasted.

Mr. Kingsley takes great liberties with the unities of time and place. His story commences a month ago, then it skips back sixteen years, and finally two. The scene changes in the same eccentric manner from Berkshire to the West Coast, then to Wales, London, and lastly, by way of Germany and the Crimea, to Berkshire back again. These are the faults that grow up like tares among the luxurious images and noble thoughts that are to be found in "Two Years Ago." The principal idea of the book is evidently an attempt to contrast the lives of two young men whose relative characters are as opposite as black and white, or north and south. Tom Thurnall, the man of prose, is one of those wonderful persons who resemble the cat in its tenacity of life, and power of always falling upon its feet—clever, adventurous, strong, and healthy, he is just the kind of man that the author glories in, and though his worldliness, scepticism, and contempt for danger, are severely handled in many discourses upon human vanity, we are convinced that Mr. Kingsley would prefer a man of Tom's kind to all the nobby-pamby Frank Headleys, and sermonising Major Campbells in the world. Mr. Thurnall's antithesis is John Briggs, *alias* Vavasour, an exceedingly excitable and hysterical youth, who fancies himself a poet—a wretched individual without an atom of self-control or moral strength, who goes to the bad, through sheer weakness of brain and neglect of his medical adviser, who ought to have had him removed to the nearest asylum.

The heroine of the book—or rather the principal one, for all the ladies might lay claim to the title—Grace Harvey, is a strange, religious enthusiast, a girl who would have been made a saint of had she lived in other times and in other lands. There are some excellent touches of beauty and goodness in the portrait Kingsley has painted of her sitting on the beach at Aberlady, surrounded by her pupils, for Grace is the schoolmistress of the town. The sisters Valencia and Lucia are cleverly drawn, and without exaggeration; but as for the actress "La Cordifamma," she surpasses all the unnaturally strong-minded ladies we have ever had the pleasure of meeting either in books or in the world. The smaller characters in the book are decidedly the most life-like; take, for instance, the following portrait of little Lord Scoutbush, which is perfectly true to nature:—

"'Little Freddy Scoutbush,' as his companions irreverently termed him, was, by common consent of her Majesty's Guards, a 'good fellow.' Whether the St. James's Street definition of that adjective be the perfect one or not, we will not try to inquire; but in the Guards' club-house it meant this: that Scoutbush had not an enemy in the world, because he deserved none; that he lent, and borrowed not; gave, and asked not again; envied not; hated not; slandered not; never bore malice, never said a cruel word, never played a dirty trick, would hear a fellow's troubles out to the end, and if he could not counsel, at least would not laugh at them; and at all times and in all places lived and let live, and was accordingly a general favourite. His morality was neither better nor worse than the average of his companions; but if he was sensual, he was at least not base; and there were fair women who blessed 'little Freddy' and his shy and secret generosity, for having saved them from the lowest pit."

"And rest, he was idle, frivolous, useless; but with these two palliating facts, that he knew it, and regretted it; and that he never had a chance of being caught else. His father and mother had died when he was a child. He had been sent to Eton at seven, where he learnt nothing, and into the Guards at seventeen, where he learnt less than nothing. His aunt, old Lady Knockdown, who was a kind old Irish woman, an ex-buée and ex-beauty, now a high Evangelical professor, but as worldly as her neighbours in practice, had tried to make him a good boy in old times; but she had given him up, long before he left Eton, as a 'vessel of wrath,' which he certainly was, with his hot Irish temper; and since then she had only spoken of him with moans, and to him just as if he and she had made a compact to be as worldly as they could, and as if the fact that he was going, as she used to tell her private friends, straight to the wrong place, was to be utterly ignored before the pressing reality of getting him and his sisters well married. And so it befel, that Lady Knockdown, like many more, having begun with too high (or at least precise) a spiritual standard, was forced to end practically in having no standard at all; and that for ten years of Scoutbush's life, neither she nor any other human being had spoken to him as if he had a soul to be saved, or any duty on earth save to eat, drink, and be merry."

"And all the while there was a quaint and pathetic consciousness in the little man's heart that he was meant for something better; that he was no fool, and was not intended to be one. He would thrust his head into lectures at the Polytechnic and the British Institution, with a dim endeavour to guess what they were all about, and a good-natured envy of the clever fellows who knew about 'science, and all that.' He would sit and listen, puzzled and admiring, to the talk of statesmen, and confound his woe afterwards to some chum:—'Ah, if I had had the chance now that my cousin Chalklere has! If I had had two or three tutors, and a good mother, too, keeping me in a coop, and cramming me with learning as they cram chickens for the market, I fancy I could have shown my comb and hackles in the House as well as some of them; I fancy I could make a speech in Parliament now, with the help of a little Irish impudence, if I only knew anything to speak about.'"

As a specimen of powerful writing we think Mr. Kingsley has never equalled his descriptions of the cholera, and the effects of its ravages on a small fishing town. Balzebub's Banquet is perfectly Dantesque in its horrible details. We must refrain, however, from further extracts from this strange book, the merits of which are as conspicuous as its defects—a book which the author of "Westward, Ho!" alone could pen, and containing faults that would crush the beauties of a less powerful writer.

Boy-Princes; or Scions of Royalty cut off in Youth. By JOHN G. EDGAR. London: David Bogue.

JUVENILE literature has of late reached a very high order of excellence. Whether the boys of the present day have grown more critical than they used to be, or whether youthful tastes and ideas are more thoroughly appreciated and understood than formerly, we will not stay to inquire. Let any full-grown critic compare the rapid milk-and-water productions that nourished his "young idea" in the happy days of yore, with this excellent little volume on "Boy-Princes," and he will be able to understand the evils of being born thirty years ago. We are glad to find that the old stories about "mischievous Tommys," and "naughty Fannys," as well as the strait-laced and didactic essays of precise Dr. Aikens and moralising Mrs. Barbauld, have given place to a healthier crop of juvenile works. Boys and girls form a very important element of society, and the books they read do much towards forming the characters of future men and women. Mr. Edgar has done much to ingratiate himself with the rising generation by the production of three or four books specially addressed to boys. We trust he will continue his genial task; for as long as Time lasts there will be an endless supply of fresh boys to take the places of those who emerge into stiff-collared manhood. The "Boy-Princes" is a series of historical notices of celebrated Royal boys, beginning with the grandson of the Conqueror, and ending with the ill-starred son of Napoleon the Great. In narrating the stories of these eminent youths, Mr. Edgar takes care to introduce every historical personage and event that influenced their careers, so that it is impossible to peruse the work without acquiring a large fund of valuable information. The adventures of the unfortunate Arthur of Brittany, Edward of Lancaster, and that poor child, Louis the Seventeenth, form, perhaps, the most interesting portions of the book. As there is nothing puerile about this history of Boy-Princes, old boys as well as young ones will gain something from its perusal.

The Heroes of Asgard and the Giants of Jotunheim. By the Author of "Mia and Charlie." London: David Bogue.

COMPARABLE with the above is this excellent little volume on Northern Mythology, a subject that has hitherto been placed a long way out of the reach of children. The brave old Gods of the Valhalla are brought down to earth and made to do the duty of Jack-the-Giant-Killer and his kindred of the nursery. You are told of the wonders of the City of Asgard, the Life-tree Yggdrasil, Jotunheim or Giants'-land, and all the mysteries of the Scandinavian world. You are introduced to Odin, the wise ruler of the heavens; you witness the battles between the fearless Thor and the Giants, and you follow the wanderings of the beautiful Freya through iron forests. The rich mythology of our Saxon ancestors is full of wondrous things, and boys and girls will find more food for imagination in this book about the Heroes, than in all their old fairy-tales. The subject is treated throughout in a very beautiful and pleasing manner, and reflects great credit on the author. The volume is cleverly illustrated by Mr. C. Doyle.

BATTERY PRACTICE IN WOOLWICH MARSH.

THE Commander-in-Chief has exhibited a very praiseworthy determination to enforce the fire-arm practice of the army; an object of the highest military importance, and only to be attained either in time of peace, or at the expense of much blood and perhaps a victory or two, on that most costly field of experience, the battle-field.

When orders were received for the embarkation of some companies of artillery for China, they were at once put through an additional course of practice. It was especially applied to the newly constructed 3-pounder batteries, (we may call them new, as they have not been employed since the Peninsular War) from which both shot and shell were fired at a long range.

These 3-pounder batteries are arranged for mountain service, as well as for traversing the rice-fields, where the nature of the ground does not admit of the passage of heavier pieces of ordnance. The wheels are made of the Indian peacock-wood, which contains a sappy and poisonous ingredient, sufficient to preserve it from being destroyed by the numerous ants and other vermin in those countries. The ammunition-wagons and water-carts are formed so as to be converted into ambulance-wagons for removing the wounded, and are supplied with movable stretchers on elastic springs. The other portions of the wood-work batteries are composed of teak and mahogany. They are on a new principle, and have excited much admiration.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S LECTURES.

PROFESSOR OWEN has recently completed a most interesting course of lectures at the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jernyn Street. Part of the Professor's duties as superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum, consists in delivering a course of lectures every year, on some branch of natural history. This was the course for 1857, and its subject was the osteology and palaeontology of the mammalia. In his first lecture, Professor Owen gave a brief general description of the whole class. In the second, he proceeded to discuss the fossil mammalia, which were more especially the subject of the course. He explained how much more difficult was their study than that of fossil shells. When the Palaeontologist finds a shell, he can generally compare it with a representative of the species, or at least of the genus, to which it belongs, in some book of authority. When, on the other hand, he finds the bone of a mammal, he must first determine what bone it is, and then consider to what animal it belongs. The first man of science who grappled successfully with the great difficulties which this subject presented was Cuvier, who pointed out the intimate connection and mutual interdependence of the different parts of animals. Professor Owen illustrated the relations which exist between the different parts of animals by a diagram which displayed the skull of a lion—the type of the carnivores—and also his leg. He showed how the lion's teeth are formed—some for killing his prey, and some for cutting flesh—how his leg is armed with formidable claws, which he is enabled to draw up, so that their sharpness may not be injured. So he proceeded through the whole of the limb, pointing out its adaptation to the structure of the head, and then contrasted both with the armed head of an ox, destitute of teeth for killing and slaying, destitute of claws for seizing his prey, and furnished with a limb formed for more continuous locomotion, but incapable of anything like the same amount of pliability.

The Professor then proceeded, in his subsequent lectures, to point out the character, habits, and forms of the "animal kingdom," at a time when that kingdom had all the world to itself. His audience was always full, learned, and select—a well-bred, sensible audience. On the wall behind the lecturer were hung diagrams, anatomical sections, drawings of teeth, and of strange-looking antediluvian beasts, and specimens of creatures that lived in the "first times," as Buffon termed them, and were dead, ay, and buried in rock and sand, centuries ago. In front, behind a table covered with papers and choice selections from the treasures in the British Museum, stood the intelligent, mild-eyed Professor; dressed simply in black, his hair combed back from his tall, broad brow; while with an intonation singularly soft and clear, he discoursed of the mysteries of Palaeontology—a hard word in itself, but simple in explanation; as we found while Mr. Owen revealed the wonders of the old time, making the least-informed acquainted with the research of a lifetime, and the discoveries of untiring labour. We saw how analogies of living species, comparisons with existing genera, an intimate knowledge of anatomy, could, from the data of the presence of a muscle, the form of a tooth, determine the habits, form, and locality of a creature of which little else remained. The wild legends of relics of Anakim, such as Polyphemus, or the Titans who heaved Ossa on Pelion—the myths and fables of our childhood and the world's credulity—resolved themselves into a ready solution. They were not human, but animal bones, once owned by monstrous deer, and elephants, and lizards. Curious indeed were the forms which passed in review: the vast megatherium—a giant even to the largest elephant—encased in armour of proof, roaming through the pampas, with huge flexed tusks, till some severer drought than ordinary laid him low; hard-coated mastodons of North America; long-tusked mammoths from Siberia; two-horned mighty rhinoceroses, to which the modern races are dwarfs and pigmies, which had wool and hair to keep them warm in their frozen homes. Then we heard of a three-toed horse that would have made



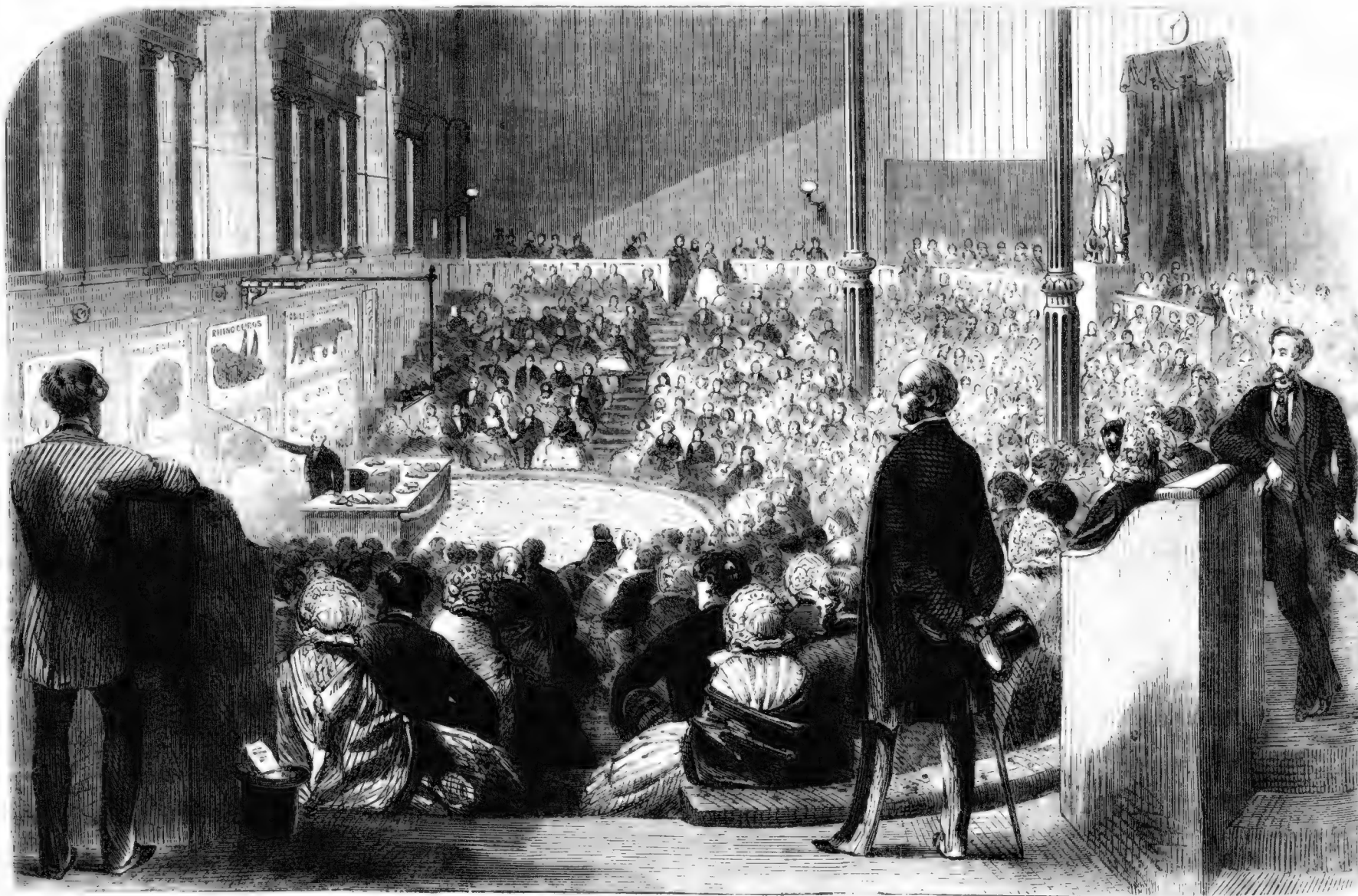
SHOT AND SHELL PRACTICE, IN WOOLWICH MARSHES, BY THE ARTILLERY UNDER ORDERS FOR CHINA.

Barnum's fortune; two kinds of apes—common in Europe—more agile than the famous baboons of Gibraltar; little curly-haired rhinoceroses, the copies of Scripture; stags with branching antlers, that put to shame the honours of moose deer or elk; an otter-tailed great great grandfather of the degenerate tapir, with a portentous snout—the palæotherium; and last,

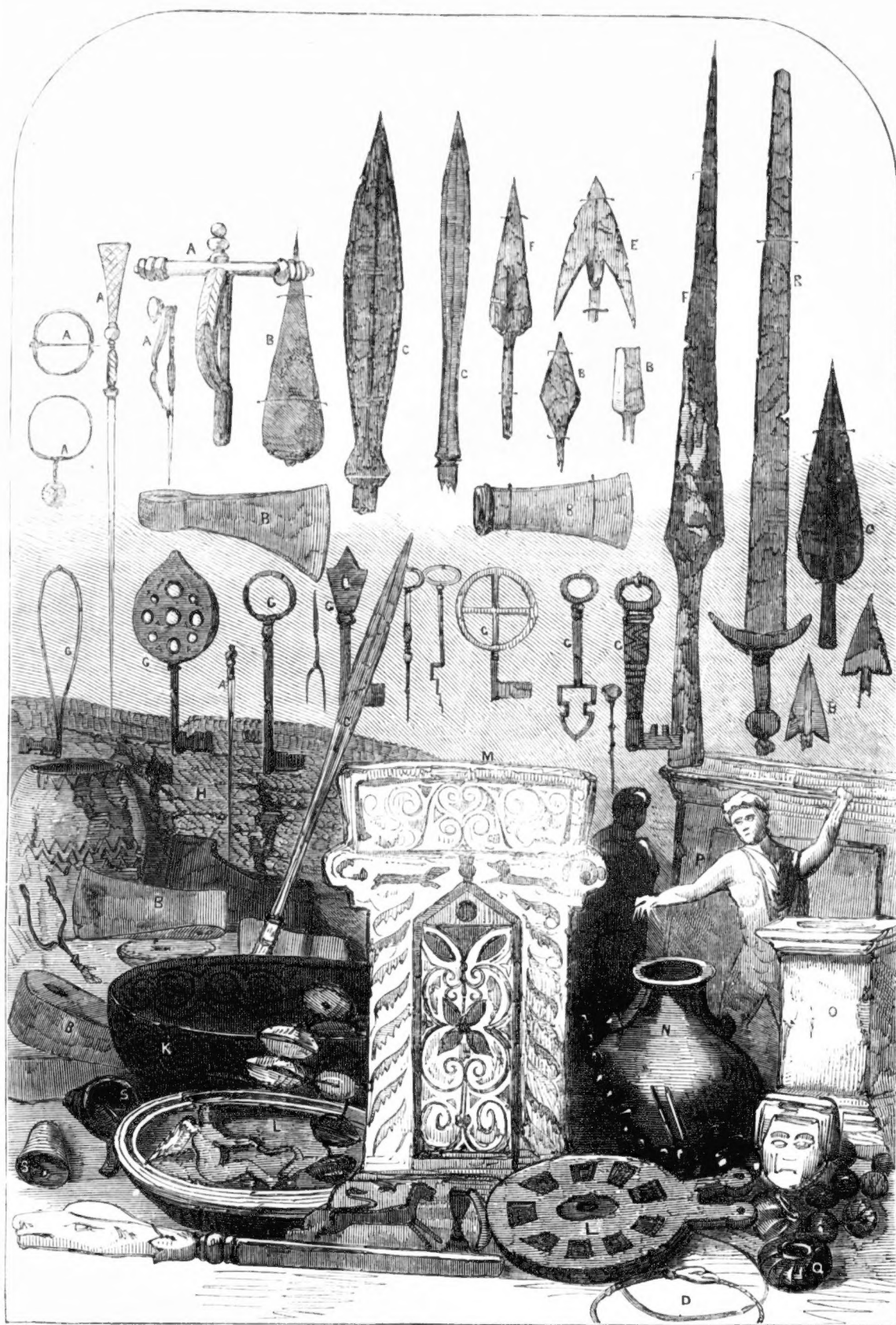
not least, an aquatic dinotherium with tusks which had a hideous lurch downwards—used, perhaps, as Dr. Buckland suggested, to anchor itself in the muddy banks, while it enjoyed a noon-day nap.

Such are some of the wonders which Mr. Owen resuscitated. If any of our readers can obtain a ticket for his next course, we earnestly advise them

to profit by the opportunity. Professor Owen is a very Van Amburgh; he walks among the beasts with as much power—of a greater kind. His nagerie exalts the mind, and astonishes the understanding; and we follow his lucid lectures with wonder at the greatness of the Hand that created and the gifts that enable man so to elucidate that creation.



PROFESSOR OWEN LECTURING AT THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.



ANTIQUITIES RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A.—Roman Brooches, pin, and locket, of gold, ivory, and bronze.
B.—Hammer-heads, axes, arrow-heads, and spear-heads of flint, stone, and bronze (British and Roman).
C.—Bronze Roman Weapons.

D.—Roman Armlets of gold.
E.—Iron Spear-head (Medieval).
F.—Iron Lances.
G.—Roman bronze Keys.
H.—Ancient Chain Armour.
I.—Fragments of ancient Spears.

K.—Bronze Dish, richly chased (Roman).
L.—Roman Lamps.
M.—Bronze Ornament, richly inlaid with Mosaic and various colours (Roman).
N.—Roman Glass Vessel.
O.—Small Roman Altar.
P.—Roman Statuettes in Bronze.
Q.—Glass Beads (Saxon).
R.—A Danish Sword.
S.—Small Roman Hand-bells.

ANTIQUITIES RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nor the least interesting of the many attractions which the British Museum presented during Easter week to the more intelligent among the crowd of eager sight-seers, was the valuable collection of antiquities formed by Mr. C. Roach Smith during a period of years, and which having recently become the property by purchase of the trustees of our national collection, now forms an important portion of the gallery devoted to British antiquities. It is to be lamented that, while for years past we have been collecting at considerable expense the remains of Grecian, Roman, and Egyptian art, we have been utterly neglectful of those examples which illustrate the progress of our own country. In London alone, many objects of the highest interest, both in an artistic and historical point of view, have, after being hidden for centuries, been brought to light only to be destroyed in ignorance, without even a record of their discovery being preserved. In the Guildhall library, there exist a few specimens of pottery, &c., the whole of which might be conveniently arranged in a space of a dozen feet square; and this is all that the Corporation of the wealthiest city in the world has done towards the preservation of its local antiquities. If a very small amount of energy had been displayed, there might, by this time, have been brought together a collection of great value to the community at large, and to which the corporate authorities could have resorted with pride and pleasure. It is fortunate, however, that one individual undertook for his own gratification a task which properly belonged to the civic authorities, and that Mr. Roach Smith should have set to work to collect and preserve those relics of bygone times which aldermen and common councilmen had so little care for. The museum of antiquities formed by this gentleman was for several years past arranged at his residence, in Liverpool Street, City, and consisted of the weapons and tools of flint and stone which mark the manufacturing skill of our British ancestors; also of swords, spears, statues; personal ornaments of bronze, gold, and ivory; leathern sandals; vessels for domestic and other uses, with various objects of a miscellaneous character, which mostly tell of the 500 years of Roman occupation of this island.

Many of these valuable antiquities were picked up by "mud-larks" on the banks of Father Thames during the time of low water, others were dredged up in various parts of the river; for instance, the Danish sword shown in the engraving, was found near Westminster Bridge; another of similar shape was discovered opposite to the Temple. By a careful noting of the localities where the Roman glass, tessera, &c., have been found, it would be easy to lay down a plan of the streets of Roman London. Some specimens are from Botolph's Lane, Sherborne Lane, Birchin Lane, Thames Street, Leadenhall Street, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, and from the site of the old Royal Exchange, and other familiar localities, while several of the Roman bronze weapons (marked C in the engraving), are from the Thames at Coway-stakes, the spot at which the invading legions are believed to have crossed the river. Some of the glass vessels, &c., of Roman manufacture in this collection are of great beauty, both as regards form and material.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of trouble and tact which Mr. Smith brought to bear in gathering together these antiquities. Every excavation made in the City had to be watched; workmen had to be bargained with and bribed to be tender with pottery and other fragile vessels, and in more than one instance several rare objects were picked out of heaps of rubbish which had been carted away from ancient localities, and shot down in some green field in the suburbs.

In addition to Mr. Smith, there are one or two other persons who have formed collections of objects which illustrate the progress and growth of the metropolis of our empire. Mr. Sant, near the Post Office, has a museum of antiquities, &c., to which he admits the public on certain days of the week, and which is well worthy of a visit. Mr. Chaffers, of Queen Street, in the City, has many fine specimens of Roman pottery, and many curious examples of vessels of both glass and earthenware, of "Middle Age" date, all dug up in London. We hope that the formation of a gallery of British antiquities, worthy of its name, will be now no longer delayed, and that before many years are past, we may be able to find arranged in a systematic manner, within the walls of the British Museum, such remains of the early art of these islands, as will show at a glance the progress of our civilisation at various periods.

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from Page 238.)

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

"CROWNEE'S QUEST."

THE "highly respectable jury" impelled for the purpose, sat upon the body of Gervase Falcon, and made very little of him. Many had served the dead man with provisions—butter, cheese, and the like, and thought it rather a liberty to sit upon him at all. Others were indifferent, and others too stupid, and others much too clever, attributing the lamented gentleman's demise to most astonishing and conflicting abnormal causes, ranging from sunstroke to spontaneous combustion. The man was dead, however, and all the respectable juries in the world could not bring him to life again.

Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., sat at the head of the jury table, and at the right hand of the Coroner, as was meet to a man whom that functionary delighted to honour. Mr. Fleem told his story, which did not add much to anybody's information. He had found Mr. Falcon dead. He had opened the body and found nothing in it; nothing of a deleterious character, at least. Yes; the brain was congested slightly. Apoplexy? Well, he should say that the tissue—and here the learned Fleem proceeded to bewilder the jury with such an extent of erudition, commencing at tissue and ending nowhere, that the highly respectable jury made haste to return a verdict of "Death from natural causes," and to get out of the house, which had already that mysterious closeness and leaden oppression in its atmosphere, which hangs about every dwelling where Death is.

The inquest had been held in the parlour where the seas had taken place the day before, and the paper and pens and ink coldly furnished forth the bridal table. The highly respectable jury went bundling through the hall, meeting with heart-breaking difficulties in the recovery of their hats and coats, and treated with the most contemptuous neglect by John-Peter and his brother servants, who stood together in a knot, and whispered comments respecting the inquest. It is the privilege of Fashion, when it dies suddenly, to be sat upon in its own house. If John-Peter, or any of his degree, had so ended, they would have held an inquest on him at the "Robin Redlegs" in the Mews.

Said the Coroner to Mr. Fleem, drawing on his gloves, "A very curious case."

"Remarkably so," the medical practitioner acquiesced.

There was a dead pause after this, and the Coroner took off one of his gloves again, by way of diversion.

"Re-markably so," Mr. Fleem repeated, feeling that the Coroner was looking at him, and expected him to say something.

"A most estimable gentleman, I believe," the legal functionary observed, moving towards the door.

"Estimable!" Mr. Fleem cried, in a melancholy ecstasy of admiration. "Estimable! a jewel of a man, my dear sir. Husband, father, brother, and man, he was estimable in every social phase and in every relation of life. His loss will never, never be repaired. I wonder what the deuce he poisoned himself for!" Mr. Fleem added, but mentally, you may be sure.

"A terrible loss!" remarked the Coroner.

"Terrible, terrible, terrible!" Mr. Fleem sighed, bowing the Coroner through the hall. "Terrible!" he said in an alto key, to remind John-Peter that there was a visitor to be let out. "So estimable a gentleman!" he concluded, as the Coroner took his departure. Then Mr. Fleem, cogitating very deeply as he walked, went upstairs into the drawing-room and the Coroner went to sit on somebody else.

It was agreed on all sides that the deceased was estimable. "Estimable in every relation of life" sounded well in eighteen hundred and thirty—sounds well now. The morning newspaper, which in a twelve-line paragraph recorded his death, said he was estimable. Mr. Resurgam, the undertaker, was quite sure he was estimable, as he listened to his assistants driving the nails into Gervase Falcon's fine coffin, with the superfine cloth and the cherub handles. Mr. Fiddys, the mortuary sculptor, hadn't a doubt about his estimable qualities, and had his eye already upon "estimable" for the fourth line or so of the monumental inscription. How estimable he was to his family, those bereaved ones only knew.

There are some men who may be called human ravens, and who only make their appearance when Death is about. We have all of us some special funeral friends, people we don't see for years and years together, but who are summoned to meet us, as a matter of course, when there is anybody to be buried; then we lose sight of them again till somebody else dies. There is another human raven in the person of the Death Lawyer, who never seems to have anything to do with births or marriage settlements, but is always in at the Deaths.

His name was Pratt, and he was the Family Lawyer, and sat composedly among the weeping Falcons in the drawing-room, and was not even awed by the presence of the great Lord Baddington himself. He was one of a stately firm of lawyers who dwelt in a large house, dreadfully dingy, but immensely respectable, in Bedford Row. There were half-a-dozen partners in the house, and the Deaths were his department. He was what you may term a built-up man; that is, to his *valet de chambre* he was very probably less a hero, than a long, lean, lank, and shrivelled man, not unlike a forked radish; but the exterior building-up, including a tall white neckcloth, a curly black wig, a heavy gold chain, and especially very large white wristbands, made Mr. Pratt what he was—solemn, dignified, stiff, and highly respectable.

He sat at the table covered with papers, which should properly have been secured by black instead of red tape. He sat over against Lord Baddington, and I think that nobleman was slightly afraid of him. As Mr. Fleem came into the room, and whispered what he had to state respecting the result of the Inquest, the Family Lawyer, who otherwise always sat bolt upright, condescended to incline his black-wigged head a little downwards and on one side, in which position he bore no inconsiderable resemblance to a magpie looking into a marrow bone.

"I apprehend, my Lord," he said, at length, "that it is not necessary for me to go any further into detail on this painful topic. I will leave the papers here for your Lordship's inspection, and hold myself, at any future period, at your Lordship's disposal."

He ought suddenly to have flapped out two solemn wings from those shoulder-blades of his, and flown away, like a bird of ill-omen, as he was. But he contented himself with taking his black presence out of the room in the ordinary manner, and the door downstairs closed upon him with a solemn bang, that made the hearers upstairs start and almost shudder in their seats.

"Oh! uncle, uncle," Mrs. Falcon cried out, bursting into a fresh flood of tears, "this is indeed dreadful!"

The poor woman had been weeping ever since the morning—ever since the horrified servants had rushed up to her room to tell her that her husband was lying on the floor dead. She had passed from paroxysm to paroxysm of sorrow. She had parted from her husband in grief, in doubt, in mystery, and in passionate resentment. The sun had gone down upon her wrath, but was to rise no more. He was afar off—her husband—beyond the Sun and Stars, at the other end of a dreadful gulf, looking at her with sad eyes.

There were in the room beside her now only Lord Baddington and Mr. Fleem. The girls were bewailing in their own bedchambers. A messenger had been sent post that morning to Briz, Hastings, in whose vicinity the happy Bride and Bridegroom were staying, to tell them the awful news. Compton Guy had been and was gone again. That youthful Guardsman had been dreadfully shocked, and at his club that day could ejaculate little beyond "By Jove." He couldn't make it out, he said. Nobody could make it out, not even Mr. Fleem.

Who was sidling mildly from the room, now that he had imparted his intelligence; but Lord Baddington and Mrs. Falcon both besought him to stay, for they had something of the most vital importance to communicate to him.

"You have so long attended my poor nephew," the Peer was graciously pleased to say, "and were looked upon as much in the light of a friend as of a medical attendant, that every confidence may be, I am sure, reposed in you."

Mr. Fleem bowed, and smiled a meek smile.

"Now what—what do you think," Lord Baddington went on nervously to say, "were the proximate causes of Gervase's death? Verdict, 'Death from natural causes.' Now, what were those causes—those other causes, I mean, Mr. Fleem?"

His Lordship was slightly nervous as he made these inquiries, and glanced with a very ambiguous expression at the Doctor. But the expression suddenly ceased to be ambiguous. Mr. Fleem felt that he was expected to re-assure, and, if possible, console Mrs. Falcon; and if long words, mild delivery, and an elaborate disquisition upon nothing, could have done it, he would certainly have succeeded.

"For the tissue, you see, my dear madam," he was explaining, by way of peroration—

He was at those tissues again, and would have harped upon that congenial chord for another five minutes, when the widow cut him short.

"Mr. Fleem," without further preface, she said, "my husband poisoned himself."

"My dear Caroline," remonstrated Lord Baddington.

Mr. Fleem said nothing, but looked in mild expostulation at the carpet.

"As there is a heaven above," Mrs. Falcon said again, "he poisoned himself; there has been foul play."

"My dear madam," Mr. Fleem rejoined, not virtuously indignant, but only shocked—severely shocked, "what motive could the late Mr. Falcon—"

"What motive! Who was that woman—that ragged wretch—that cast-off mistress of his, who came here to reproach him?"

"His cast-off mistress—no!" a voice said very calmly and quietly.

The voice was not that of a Banshee, or of an evil spirit; it only emanated from a person straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-haired as to costume, who must have been seemingly in the receipt of fern-seed, and so walked invisible; for he had come no man knew whence, and no man knew how, and stood at the door looking very quietly, but confidently, at the Lord, and the Doctor, and the Widow.

"You impudent dog!" Mr. Fleem cried, starting up in a passion; "you impertinent rascal! what do you mean by coming here? Who asked for you? Who sent for you?"

"Yes, sir, who sent for you?" echoed Lord Baddington.

Mrs. Falcon was simply amazed.

The assistant did not deign to notice his master's anger; he simply repeated,

"His cast-off mistress—no!"

"How do you know? what do you know about it—about her?" eagerly asked Mrs. Falcon.

"I know all about her," Mr. Tinctop calmly answered.

"Then why the deuce don't you speak!" cried his master furiously. "You told me this morning, you knew nothing about the matter. Speak, you villain!"

"Yes, sir, speak!" Lord Baddington added; "and what the deuce do you mean by standing with your back against that door? Ring the bell, Fleem, and have him kicked down stairs."

"You'd better not," Mr. Tinctop coolly remarked; "I've not only got my back against the door, but locked it directly I came in; and I've got the key in my pocket."

"He's mad!" cried Lord Baddington.

"He's drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Fleem, making towards his assistant as though to collar him again.

"Mr. Fleem," said Tinctop, "if you lay a finger on me I'll run a scalpel into you."

The surgeon drew back, for his assistant had a certain look in his pale face that was very ominous and not at all pleasant.

"He must be mad," he muttered.

"Neither mad nor drunk," the bold assistant replied. "Quite sane and sober, and the master of you all."

"In heaven's name, man," cried Mrs. Falcon, "do not keep us longer in this agonising suspense. If you have anything to say—"

"I/I have anything to say!" interrupted Mr. Tinctop. "Of course I have something to say. I shouldn't have come here, shouldn't have locked that door, if I hadn't. But, do you want me to say it before old Fleem?"

"Mad as a March hare," the surgeon whispered to himself. "Old Fleem, indeed—confound his impudence!"

"Speak, sir," Lord Baddington said. "Mr. Fleem is a friend of the family, and enjoys the entire confidence both of Mrs. Falcon and of myself."

"Well, then, I'll just go back a little," Mr. Tinctop proceeded, very slowly and deliberately. "As you were, if you please. Not his cast-off mistress—oh, no!"

"What then?"

"Not by any means his cast-off mistress—oh, dear, no! His lawful, wedded wife, to whom he was married at Mallox Cray Church, in Kent, one-and-twenty years ago!"

"Scoundrel and liar!" the peer exclaimed, starting up.

"Hands off!" retorted Mr. Tinctop; "and you, governor, don't look as if you could eat me up. Look to that good lady on the carpet there, for she's fainted."

Mrs. Gervase Falcon no longer. The cast-off mistress lay in a faint, on the carpet. His wife! Heavens and earth! his wife!

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE TURNING TO A LONG LANE.

It is stale news to hint that Seth Tinctop was a coward. He was indeed as arrant a poltroon as was ever capable of holding, with shaking hands, a candle, while some bolder villain, his companion, did a deed of violence. He was the Captain Pen of crime, and not the Captain Sword.

The statement, therefore, that the pusillanimous Tinctop had made alone a filibustering expedition into an aristocratic drawing-room—had actually locked the door thereof, put his back against it, and the key in his pocket, would seem naturally startling, if not incredible, to those acquainted with the assistant's want of heroism, but for the fact I now feel it my duty to disclose, that Mr. Tinctop was throughout acting under the instructions of Captain Pollyblank, who, with singular delicacy and moderation, had chosen to remain for the nonce in the background, and to delegate his medical friend to act as his Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary. Thus Mr. Tinctop, conscious of the support of his chief, and strong in the moral force of his credentials, stood still, sternly and composedly, with his back to the door. He even folded his arms in the manner invented by the Great Frederic, and perfected by the greater Napoleon, and looked on with philosophic calmness while Mr. Fleem applied the usual remedies to recover the unhappy Mrs. Falcon from her swoon.

There were scents and essences in plenty about, as was to be expected in so aristocratic a saloon; and these, with the opening of the window, were sufficient to restore the widow to a miserable consciousness, without rendering the attendance of her ladies' maid necessary. Her ladies' maid! would not that chastest and most fastidious of Abigails have repudiated her mistress on the spot, had she known that the name of Falcon, that the state of widowhood, no more belonged to her than the state of wife had ever done.

She began to wail and pray incoherently, and casting herself at length on a sofa, found some relief in a flood of tears. But she speedily rose, and said she would go to her children, and was with difficulty restrained; then she cast herself back again, and adjured the dead man, now in terms of passionate endearment, now in accents of as passionate invective. But she was quite useless for any purpose of rational discourse; and Lord Baddington, softly motioning to Mr. Fleem to keep watch over her, beckoned to Tinctop, and that assistant quitting his post before the door, drew him into the embrasure of a heavily-curtained window in the back drawing-room.

Mr. Tinctop's vicarious bravery was not quite perfect or consistent. He felt as valiant, standing against the door, as though he had felt Jack Polly-

blank's back, instead of the wooden pannels behind him. He could, in verity, have perforated, as he had threatened, the diaphragm of Mr. Fleem with the instrument of surgery before mentioned; but now that he found himself comparatively alone with the Lord, the courage he had wrapped around him like a mantle began to hang very loosely and insecurely on his shoulders. In fact, it threatened to fall off altogether in rags and tatters like the historical mantle of Don Cesar de Bazan.

The Lord was as proud a Lord as could be met with in a pleasant stroll through the pages of the peerage. He was an old man too, and Tinctop was afraid of old men. He was a clever man, and Tinctop was desperately afraid of clever men.

"There is either," Lord Baddington said, in a soft, but very determined voice, "some terrible mystery—more terrible if it happen to be true, Mr. Tinctop—in this matter; or there is a wanton attempt to cause additional pain and misery to this bereaved lady and her relatives. If you have one feeling, one sentiment of humanity in you, I conjure you to give an explanation of the extraordinary statement you have made."

Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., in the front drawing-room, keeping professional watch over Mrs. Falcon, sobbing on the drawing-room sofa—Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., straining each professional tympanum to catch the slightest vibration of his Lordship's voice. Confound those old men! how inaudible they were!

The young men, though, were scarcely more audible. One young man, Mr. Tinctop, answered his Lordship in a nervous whisper.

"My Lord, I have stated only what I know to be the truth. Here in my hand I hold the certificate of marriage between Gervase Falcon, Bachelor, of London, and Sarah Collett, of Mallox's Cray, in the county of Kent, Spinster. The parties were married at Mallox's Cray Church, on the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and ten; and scarcely six months afterwards, the same Gervase Falcon, Bachelor—you will remember, my Lord, Bachelor—was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the lady who now bears his name and has no right to it, and who is lying on that sofa in a bad way, I am afraid."

"And the other—?"

"The other Lady, who does not bear his name, but who has the best right in the world to bear his name, is quite safe, and in my keeping. I am sure I am doing injustice to your Lordship's discrimination, in telling you that she was the lady who was put to bed yesterday afternoon in the bed-room where, early this morning, her husband was found a corpse."

"And you—you, Sir," interposed the Peer, with a very evil expression in his countenance, "you dared to spirit this woman away, after concealing between you, I suppose, this preposterous tale?"

"I got the woman out of the house," was the naïve confession of Mr. Tinctop, "during the evening, in the best way I could, having previously arranged to keep the footman out of the way, and administer to Mrs. Lint—she was always fond of a night-cap, good soul—a night-cap so hot, strong, and sweet, that it sent her into a dead sleep for hours. Yes, my Lord, I took Mrs. Gervase Falcon—Mrs. Sarah Collett Falcon away, as neatly and noiselessly as I could; and I have her safe and sound in a certain locality, known only to myself."

Safe and sound, oh, Tinctop! Safe and sound, oh, schemer! There is nothing safe, nothing sound, but the safeness and soundness of him who lies above stairs.

"It may be very true, Sir," Lord Baddington remarked with a dolorous impatience, "that you abducted this unhappy, and I believe insane woman, as you have stated; but what proof does that afford that the story you tell may not be a monstrous fabrication?"

"Is this certificate a monstrous fabrication?" was the reply. "Even if it were forged, there is the parish registry at Mallox's Cray Church; there is the clergyman, there are the witnesses; the landlord of the village inn, who gave the bride away; there is the bride herself to prove it. Bless your heart, my Lord, I am not stating facts without evidence to support them. Half an hour's conversation last night, and another hour's this morning with the 'unhappy, and perhaps insane woman,' as you call her, has put in my hands the honour of the whole house of Falcon."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"You know very well what I mean, my Lord. You know that it is not only this respectable lady's fair fame which is at stake; not only the honour of that pretty young lady, who was married yesterday; not only the credit of Sir William, her husband; not only the reputation of Mr. Falcon's two unmarried daughters; not only your honour, my Lord Baddington, purse-proud and pedigree-proud as you are."

"Fellow!" the Lord interposed, the nobleman rapidly losing his temper.

"Fellow or no fellow, you had better hear me out. Here, shut those folding-doors, will you, my Lord Viscount."

Tinctop was himself—or rather, was somebody else who wasn't a coward—again. The peer stared at him for a moment in sheer amazement; then slowly, and as it were mechanically, he obeyed the mandate of the assistant, and returned to the embrasure of the window.

Mrs. Falcon—this Mrs. Falcon a little more composed on the sofa, murmuring to Mr. Fleem that it could not—no, it could not be true, and asking repeatedly if that horrid man were gone. She knew very well that he was not gone; that by some means he had become possessed of an awful secret, and that he was telling the story of her shame in the adjoining room.

Mr. Fleem soothing the widow as in duty bound, and not asking himself whether the horrid man were gone, but frantically wishing that he could run rusty pins into the horrid man's eyes, or pull up his lungs piecemeal with pliers, or skin him first and boil him afterwards. Oh! for the pleasure it would be to dissect that villain Tinctop, thought Mr. Fleem.

Lord Baddington came out of the back drawing-room some twenty minutes afterwards, looking very pale and grave. He was followed by Tinctop, not flushed or excited, but with a very faint twinkle of emotion in his small eyes. His Lordship bowed very solemnly and courteously to this person; and telling him in a low voice that he would be with him very shortly, waited till Tinctop replaced the key in the door, opened it, and made his exit down the stairs. Then it was Lord Baddington's turn to shut the door and to lock it, both of which he did, and then he came round to where Mrs. Falcon was reclining on the sofa, sat down in a chair by her side, and took hold of her hand as gently as he could for his great agitation.

His Lordship was getting old and shaky, and some people said, maliciously, was getting paralytic too. These recent events had much discomposed his Lordship; and he was wiping his wrinkled face with his cambric handkerchief in one hand, and holding the widow's in the other, a very pitiable spectacle of aristocratic discouragement. A close observer might have noticed that one curl of Lord Baddington's beautiful brown wig was positively out of curl, and that his brilliantly-false teeth clacked slightly in his maxillaries as he spoke.

"My dear Caroline," he began, after many ineffectual attempts to find his usual voice, his genteel voice, his Lord-Viscount's voice, and resorting ultimately to the voice of a feeble, broken-down old man—"these dreadful news are true. I have heard the whole of the story from that man just gone; and after what he has told, what he has shown me, I can have, I fear, no reason to doubt its being correct. The miserable woman you saw here yesterday, and who disappeared so strangely yesterday night, was the wedded wife of him, with whom for twenty years you lived and loved as your husband."

"And, and—my husband—my children! Oh God, my children!" cried the poor creature, starting up.

"Compose yourself, compose yourself, for mercy's sake!" the Peer went on. "Shall I leave you! Shall the girls be called?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Falcon (it were better to call her so, and not that other woman), with a shudder.

"Have you strength then to listen to the rest of this wretched tale?"

"I have, uncle. I can drink the cup to the dregs. Go on. You see I am listening. Listening."

She was listening in a screaming fit of hysterics; laughing and weeping, and throwing her arms about wildly. She had been such a decorous, such a genteel woman, all her married life, that the revulsion, now, was all the more sudden—all the more violent. The young ladies had now indeed to be summoned, but both Lucy of the raven tresses, and Sarah of the

clustering ringlets, haply ascribed their mother's paroxysm to the natural violence of her grief. They, poor children, had been weeping all at last, and Mr. Fleem said she would do very well, if she were left alone for some little time with her daughters. So with the girls kneeling at her feet and soothing and fondling her, Mrs. Falcon grew better; and Lord Baddington, with a warning glance at his sister-in-law, and a warning finger on his lips, took Mr. Fleem's arm and went away.

"If I don't leave this house for half-an-hour," he said, "I shall choke." His carriage was at the door in waiting, and begging Mr. Fleem to accompany him, he entered it, and ordered his servant, that he might be driven towards the city. Mr. Fleem dismissed his own discreet chair, and followed his noble companion.

"Mr. Fleem," Lord Baddington said, "I've just given a promissory note for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds, my Lord!"

"A thousand pounds; which I shall redeem this evening by the payment of that amount in cash. I have given this money, which I can afford, to save the honour of my nephew's family—to save his own fame from being blasted. To save the future of that poor boy at Canterbury."

For nothing beside that, my Lord—for nothing beside that? Not to save your own honour, your own future? Not to save the Baddington Peerage?

"And I don't believe," the Peer continued, "after what I have heard from the lawyer this morning, that house and furniture, plate and pictures sold and added to the balance at his banker's, Gervase Falcon has left money enough to pay the twentieth part of what he owes. He died a beggar, Sir."

"You astonish me, my Lord—you really do astonish me," said Fleem, who really was astonished in the highest degree, for in common with the fashionable world in general, he had always imagined Gervase Falcon to be a prudent and prosperous man, who lived within his income, and was on the whole rather better off than his uncle than otherwise. "But what connection, may I ask, exists between this sad circumstance and your Lordship's parting with so large a sum?"

"The thousand pounds," continued Lord Baddington, "have been given to, and will be divided between, two of the most precious scoundrels that ever possessed a secret, and made use of it for purposes of extortion—your assistant, Mr. Tinctop, and some ruffian with an unpronounceable name, which I can't remember, who is his confederate, and I think his master in villainy. I bought this marriage certificate with the thousand pounds, Mr. Fleem."

The Surgeon could only read it over, wonder, and return it to Lord Baddington.

"I am willing to believe the latter said that it was inadvertently that Tinctop made his first statement in your presence. I fancy that he was instructed to confide it only to poor Caroline or to myself, and that he acted contrary to his instructions in so doing, and that he will probably have his head broken (how I hope he may!) by the master villain with the unpronounceable name, for having been so wanting in caution."

"He is a coward, Tinctop," observed Mr. Fleem; "and his fits of Dutch courage only last a few minutes. He is soon at low water-mark again."

"Very low would the water-mark be that I would have him down to," the Peer said with a malevolent chuckle. "Pultrion or paladin, however, he lacks no astuteness, no ingenuity, by times. It is perfectly marvellous how he managed to worm the whole of that wretched woman's story out of her; to persuade her, that if she would place herself in his hands for a few hours, he would bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband, to cajole her to entrust him with that marriage certificate you have just read."

"And you have purchased his silence at this enormous price! Why not have defied Tinctop, and acted on the better feelings of the woman herself? A small annuity, now?"

"Her better feelings—a small annuity! Alas! my dear Doctor, without meaning it, you are talking moonshine. The woman has been for years a roaring drunkard; but in her sober intervals, rare as they are, has the cunning and malevolence of a fiend. Gervase has been buying her silence for years. I tell you he spent thousands on her; he gagged her with bank-notes. All this money she squandered, as only a drunken woman can squander money; then she came rags, destitution, frenzy, and a threatening letter to her husband. One of those threatening letters—a ragged scrap of paper, she threw into his carriage at the wedding yesterday. She followed the carriage home to Grosvenor Square—got drunk on the road, I presume; you know the rest."

"But she was very ill, very ill indeed."

"A drunken fit. Has had them times out of number, she told Tinctop. When she had slept for an hour or two, she woke up cool, cunning, and malevolent as ever, and it was then she left the house."

"And she is now—?" the surgeon asked anxiously.

"If I had known where she is this morning, Mr. Fleem," Lord Baddington responded almost testily, "I would have saved my thousand pounds, and would have sent Mr. Tinctop and his vagabond friend to Botany Bay. Tinctop has the woman in his keeping, I tell you, and we are going to meet her now. See, here is Temple Bar, and here is your admirable assistant, Mr. Tinctop, waiting. I brought you with me, Doctor, for I am sure I—of us, can trust you—and that you don't want bribing."

The nobleman spoke truth. Mr. Fleem was as inquisitive as a magpie; but he scorned the dishonest characteristics of that operative bird. He was fond of secrets, garnered them up, as the magpie would secrete morsels of parloined cheese. He had glory-holes full of secrets relating to noble families; but Mr. Fleem and Mr. Fleem's secrets were not to be bought. He had no need to sell them. He was rich enough—unmarried, solitary, unambitious to rise higher. He had but one care or trouble in life—the lumbago; and all the money paid for all the secrets in the world would not cure that dorsal ailment.

The carriage stopped, as Lord Baddington spoke, at the innside of Temple Bar, and Mr. Fleem's straw-coloured head became manifest at the window.

(To be continued.)

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

THE ASSAULT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—William Webb, alias Philip Cohen, alias Philip Neely, a young man only nineteen years of age, was tried at the Central Criminal Court (as we reported in a second edition of our last week's paper) for the murderous assault on Mr. Alfred Buckler, committed in a railway-carriage on the 5th of March. He was found Guilty, his counsel admitting that there was no possible defence; and, although convicted on the minor count of wounding with intent to do bodily harm, instead of the first count, which declared the intent to be murder, he was sentenced to transportation for life.

A TALENT FOR CRIME.—Allen Beamish, a sharp-looking boy of fourteen years of age, has been sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to six months' hard labour, for forgery. The prisoner had been for nearly two years employed at the office of a Mr. Padley, a mining broker. Mr. Padley had been in the habit of sending the boy to his banker's with cheques to get cashed. On the 14th of February he was sent with a £5 cheque, and the prisoner brought him back that amount; but it appeared that when the cheque was presented at the banker's, the word "ten" had been written into the body, and the figure 1 placed before the nought; so that the cheque appeared to be for £5 10s. instead of £5, the prisoner putting the balance into his own pocket. It was subsequently ascertained that four other forged cheques—two for the amounts of £4 and two for £3—had been paid by the bank. He was at length detected by Mr. Padley, who locked him up in a room, while his father and a constable were sent for. The boy, however, managed to escape through the window. He was afterwards arrested by a city policeman. The prisoner, whose head reached only just above the bar, took notes during the trial, occasionally handed down suggestions in writing to his counsel as to the questions to be put to the witnesses, in quite a professional style, and did not exhibit the slightest appearance of embarrassment. At the expiration of the period of his sentence, Beamish will be sent to the reformatory school for three years.

FRAUDULENT PERSONATION.—Lewis Evans, an old seaman, has been found Guilty of defrauding the East India Company. By personating another man, long since dead, he had fraudulently obtained a pension from the Company for many years. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

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